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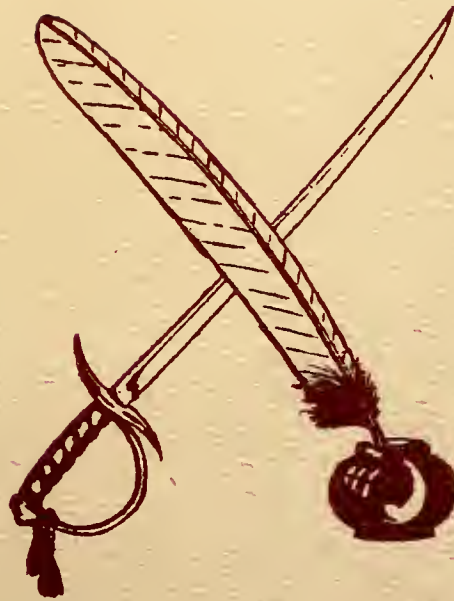
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In the uncertain conditions of a war period we regard it as a real expression of confidence that so many of the advertisers have remained loyal to *The Echoes*. With the newcomers, to whom we extend a special word of appreciation, their number totals one hundred and seven.

It is our sincere hope that this confidence in *The Echoes* will be fully rewarded. We ask the students of P.C.V.S. to buy from the advertisers who support our school magazine.

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In the Household Economics Department of the Vocational School girls are taught Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Home Management, Cooking, and Applied Art. The length of the course is four years.

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THE ECHOES



PETERBOROUGH COLLEGIATE and VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

1940

The Cover Design: Certain of Sword and Pen

We think that this year's cover design is very suitable for a school magazine published in the first year of the war. The artist, Jim Lillico, found his inspiration in the familiar words over the Assembly Hall stage:

Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.

Rudyard Kipling

APRIL, 1940

VOLUME XXVI

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Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit

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Honourable Mention

Allan Park brought honour to himself and to his Alma Mater by winning an Honour Matriculation Scholarship in Latin and Greek at Toronto University.

Ontario Department of Education

The new regulations regarding the examinations of the Middle and Upper School, both for students in attendance and for those doing private study, will be found on page eighty-three of *The Echoes*.

The Students' Council

The work of the Students' Council becomes heavier year by year as the school activities increase in number. So far this year's council has given good leadership and has made an earnest effort to carry out its election promises. The annual At Home was as usual an unqualified success. Mr. R. G. Corneil of the Vocational School, and Mr. H. H. Graham of the Academic School, are ably representing the Staff in an advisory capacity.

Jottings By the Principal

Attendance

In September last, 1185 pupils were enrolled in the Collegiate and Vocational School. This constitutes an all time record.

Twelve years ago when the Vocational wing was added to the main building, the members of the Board of Education were severely criticized by some of the ratepayers for erecting such a large structure.

These critics lacked vision, as is shown by the fact that our present accommodations are entirely inadequate. The classrooms are filled to capacity and the boys in the Vocational School are obliged to journey down to the South Central School at the corner of Rubidge and Sherbrooke Streets in order to take up Motor Mechanics. This entails a considerable loss of time and is by no means a help in discipline.

However, there is a ray of hope for the future. The Entrance classes, in the city at least, are smaller than usual and it may be that we have reached the peak so far as attendance is concerned.

Welcome

We welcome to our staff Miss Mary Kirkwood, B.A., an honour graduate of Toronto University and a Specialist in Household Science. Miss Kirkwood is a graduate of the Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School, and was the Princess Alumna in the year 1931. She will assist in the Household Arts department in the Vocational School.

Bravo Echoes

Barbara Scott and Franklin Smoke together with Miss Helen McGregor of the teaching staff attended the annual High School editors' convention held in Toronto in February. These Echoes' enthusiasts were privileged to hear some very complimentary remarks about their school's magazine. They also had the pleasure of bringing home the Sigma Phi trophy emblematic of the 1939 award for the best editorial section in any High School magazine in the province.

In this connection Barrie Jack was referred to by one of the judges as an individual writer whose work helped to elevate the literary section of his school's magazine to a higher-than-average plane.

Furthermore the second prize in the Macmillan Company's award for the best High School short story in the province was presented to the writer of a story in *The Echoes* "The Incredible Anecdote of the Vanished Moravian".

Last year's Editor-in-Chief was Miss Ruth Robinson. She and her assistants are deserving of high praise.



The Teaching Staff

Top Row: A. S. Zavitz (Senior Mathematics), Miss I. Weddell (Music and French), H. L. Bamforth (Physical Culture), Miss M. Brown (Household Science), L. M. Richardson (Geography and Junior Science), Miss I. M. McBride (English), L. H. Collingwood (Commercial Subjects).

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Third Row: G. E. Beals (Motor Mechanics), Miss H. R. McGregor (Latin and Greek), F. E. Johnston (Director of Industrial Arts), H. R. H. Kenner (Principal), H. A. Toole (Director of Commercial Department), Miss D. E. F. Brisbin (History and Physical Culture), J. C. Rutherford (Woodworking).

Fourth Row: R. G. Corneil (Industrial Science), C. S. Browne (Algebra), Miss M. A. Lees (English), L. J. Pettit (History), Miss G. M. Moore (French), V. R. Henry (Physics), H. A. Craig (Physical Culture).

Fifth Row: Miss M. I. Montgomery (Art and French), Miss J. M. Hicks (History and French), W. E. Jackson (Draughting), R. L. Hale (English), Miss M. A. Bailey (English and Physical Culture), Miss L. M. Park (English), Miss A. A. Howson (English).

Bottom Row: W. Brown (Machine Shop), A. Shearer (Commercial Subjects), Miss B. Sawyer (Assistant Secretary), Miss M. Kirkwood (Household Science), Miss J. Cowling (Secretary), R. H. David (Mathematics), R. D. Brown (Algebra and Geometry).

Certain of Sword and Pen

*Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.*

How many times, in Morning Assembly, have we read these beautiful lines above the proscenium arch and paid little attention to them? But now in wartime these words of Rudyard Kipling take on a deeper significance for each of us. We may think there is little we can do to help our country because we are at school; but it is because we are at school that we are important. "Stand to your work and be wise" may well be interpreted carry on your school work and your other activities to the best of your ability. "Carry on" should be our motto, for is that not what every Canadian did in the last war. Everyone of us should do his best, his very best, that he may be well equipped to do his part, first in winning the present conflict, and later in helping restore the world to normal conditions.

Of course there are practical things that the students of P.C.V.S. can do to help win this war. Red Cross work is especially important. Many a girl in P.C.I. has already turned the heel on numerous pairs of socks. Many others have knit sleeveless sweaters, and fingerless mitts for the Air Force. Even a beginner can do her part and start knitting wristlets. The work of the students is greatly appreciated at the Red Cross Rooms in the Public Library, but there are always more socks to be knit, more dressings to be made, more boxes to be packed. If more students would give their time the Red Cross would be assisted and we would be doing our bit even though still at school.

Whether we know anyone who is on active service or not, we can always pack boxes to bring comfort and pleasure to our men. We can always save old magazines for our sailors in Halifax who are waiting for their ships to be convoyed or perhaps to act as convoys. A very little effort on our part may bring pleasure and relaxation to men anxious and weary.

We should all buy British products. Let us get into the habit of making certain that our purchase is from some part of the British Empire. Let the shopkeepers know that British products are preferred. This is important. By buying British we may do our bit to keep British factories busy and British funds in circulation.

When war has broken out there is only one thing to do—win it. But of what use is winning it if every succeeding generation must exhaust itself in the same way? It will be up to our generation to find a lasting peace. To accomplish this we must start thinking now of the future. We should study closely the peace treaties of the past to see where they succeeded and why they failed. Then we must go on and make a peace that will truly end war for all time.

With this thought in mind let each of us read Kipling's words again, feeling the deeper meaning and vow that we shall, in truth, "stand to our work and be wise".

BARBARA SCOTT

Acknowledgments

This year enthusiasm for *The Echoes* reached a new peak, due partly to the winning of The Sigma Phi Trophy. This interest made the work of preparing *The Echoes* easier than usual.

We should like to thank Dr. Kenner and the teaching staff for their kind interest and co-operation.

We should also like to thank the student body as a whole, but especially those who contributed to the literary, art, and photography contests. We offer our sincere thanks to the judges of these contests: Mr. Hale, Miss Park, Miss McBride, Miss Thompson, Mr. Browne, and Mr. Henry.

The Art Staff is specially deserving of mention. They worked very hard and in a very short time accomplished a great deal.

The members of the Advisory Board have given much of their time and energy to *The Echoes*. Those mentioned above acted as judges in our contests, and the others have done no less in their own sphere. Mr. Toole, the Business Supervisor, has always been very encouraging and has helped us try out new ideas as we wanted to do.

Thanks to Miss Lees, Mr. Shearer, and the advertising staff we are able to publish as large a magazine as in former years. To Miss McGregor who is in charge of printing, we offer a special vote of thanks for all she has done for *The Echoes* in making it the magazine it is today.

BARBARA SCOTT

John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, 1875—1940

On the day Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, visited our city in 1938, we students were present to be inspired by his chaste oratory; and then there was added to that idolatry we had for him as an author, the respect, felt rather than worded, that people reserve for the supreme forms of greatness. There is around all great men, as he himself has told in writing of Montrose, an aura of excellence which is like the air of consecration men attach to vessels: with the difference that this light of a great man comes always from within, being no false splendour wrought in the minds of his worshippers.

No man is appreciated until he is dead, and after his death his own generation overpraises him. It remains for posterity to find the true judgment. Yet Lord Tweedsmuir cannot suffer with time, for the honour we bear him is simply this: that he was a Christian gentleman consecrated to duty and achievement, that he distinguished himself in far-flung spheres of activity, and that so much did he influence those who lived around him in the world, that his memory shall not perish among their descendants.

He is known to millions as John Buchan, and it is as John Buchan that he will be remembered. He knew great men intimately, of the past as well as of his own times. Scott he loved, Cromwell he honoured, Augustus he praised, Montrose he revered; to the writing of their lives he brought that spark of genius that burned within himself, and those biographies will stand while the men that inspired them are remembered.

Always he wrote of heroes; he never altogether relaxed a weary mind, but turned it instead to other work: to writing. And the heroes he dreamed to himself, Dick Hannay, Ned Leithen, Dickson McCunn, and most of all perhaps old Peter Pienaar, display themselves not in heroics but in heroism; for he knew in his soul the essence of the hero, that he do great deeds with naturalness.

His fifty novels gladden the plain man as much as his dozen biographies attract the scholar; and the scholar himself turns to them for relaxation. No man probably in modern letters has so delighted such hosts of readers, or has done them as little harm. A great number of his novels will in time perish, but not in our time; and a tithe of them will remain to be his memorial.

The writing, by which he touched the people around him most, was but one of many activities. He was private secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa, during the trying days that followed the Boer War. In the British Navy, he was a member of the Headquarters Staff, and Director of Information. He served



His Excellency at Peterborough, May, 1938

as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland in 1933 and 1934, a position once occupied by our present King. During much of this time he was active partner in Nelson's Publishing House; he wrote, read, planned, edited, and invested continually.

His was a strenuous life spent moving in high places; yet he was himself the son of a lowly Scottish manse. In the year that he became Governor-General, he was created Baron Tweedsmuir of Elfield: yet it is more true to say that he was born great than that he had greatness thrust upon him. The ultimate springs of nobility he probed in *The Path of the King*: "We tell ourselves that Shakespeare was the son of a wool-peddler, Napoleon of a farmer, and Luther of a peasant, and hold up our hands at the marvel. But who knows what kings and prophets they had in their ancestry!"

There is reserved for him an epitaph taken from a book that he loved, and applied by him to that one of his fiction heroes whom perhaps he honoured most highly; it tells of the passing of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

(Continued on Next Page)

"Then he said, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now do I not repent of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder' . . . So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

HUGH KENNER

Intramural Sports

Last fall the Garnet and Gray senior rugby team won their group and proceeded as far as the finals with Port Colborne. What kind of team will we have in 1940? Maybe you think that is too far away to worry about. But let me say unless there are a good many promising junior players coming along, prospects do not look very bright. Every year the school loses talent through players graduating, passing over the age limit, or this year, enlisting. Thus our ranks are greatly depleted.

The same situation may be true for our senior boys' and senior girls' basketball teams. Also consider the abundance of hockey players in the school who, this year, were unable to play in any organized group because the City League did not function. Now don't these facts show that we need a general reorganization of sports in the school so as to incorporate more students who would play if they had the chance, and others who are just a bit timid about trying out for the school teams.

Other schools throughout Ontario have dropped their interscholastic activities and are concentrating on intramural sports. A very fine chance has been afforded by the introduction, in the last few years, of six-man rugby teams. Several teams could be selected and this type of game would allow more boys to participate as only five alternates are carried with each team.

There are two possible methods of organizing competition within the school. The first is the customary one (used extensively by the Girls' Athletic Association of P.C.V.S.) of pitting one form against another—the winners, for example XI A over XI C, to meet the Fourth Form victors. Now some may laugh and say that that would be no match at all, but a bigger and more experienced team has been beaten before this by a youthful, fighting aggregation working in perfect harmony.

A second plan might also be considered. Let the Boys' Athletic Association and the Girls' Athletic Association choose a certain number, say twenty students, from the senior forms as

captains. Then these twenty students, ten girls and ten boys, could meet separately and select the teams from the lower grades of the school. In this way the ability of the players on different teams might be equalized. This scheme could apply to any of the many sports, rugby, basketball, hockey, badminton, volleyball, softball, table tennis, and track and field, now being carried on in P.C.V.S. The two associations mentioned previously could act as mediators in disputes, draw up schedules, help organize teams, and make sports an interesting and enjoyable pastime. The large enrolment of pupils presents a fine opportunity for introducing intramural sports.

In such an undertaking as this, time must be found for the games to be played under suitable supervision. It might be possible to entrust upper school students with the task of overseeing the students or it might be necessary to require the teachers' services to see that everything is carried out smoothly. This might easily be a deciding factor in the success or failure of the scheme.

We have just laid the bare foundation in the hope that some club or group in the school will see it through to a successful finish and give the students a new deal in school sports. There is no doubt about this school's liking for sports, and this innovation might be popular with the whole student body.

FRANKLIN SMOKE

Modern Youth Chooses a High School Course

Dear Modern Youth,

Let's have a heart-to-heart talk! We of Form Five, who have profited by years of bitter experience, will endeavour to solve your most serious and perplexing problem. For what problem is more serious and perplexing than that of choosing an extra-curricular activity? Our first word is this. Turn a deaf ear to the trivial discussions concerning the merits of Academic, Commercial, Household, and Industrial Arts. What's the difference whether you write Shorthand or Greek hieroglyphics? What you do from four to six is what counts. The framing of your character and your health depend upon that. Leave out extra-curricular work and your education lacks the most valuable part. To guide you, Grade Niners, who are confronted with this baffling problem, we worthy sages suggest several possibilities.

Do you imagine yourselves awing your audiences in the part of a crafty MacBeth, or a shrewish Catherine? Then your course is clear. Join the Dramatic Club and learn the necessary arts of looking sad, happy, angry,

terrified, triumphant, or desolate at a moment's notice (very important for girls).

During the play session, don't bother about homework, which fatigues the brain when you need it most. Even Browning says that over-indulgence in deep thought swells the brain to an unnatural size. Put first things first—remember, dramatics is your calling—never forget that!

Now, if you should fancy journalism, keep your fingers crossed and hope that some editor will be kind enough to invite you to be on *The Echoes* staff. Memorize the dictionary and know where the periods and commas go. But above all, be prepared to withstand hunger and fatigue during the long winter session in *The Echoes* Office. When you emerge from a lengthy executive session, you will have gained the endurance of a marathon runner!

If you shudder at the grotesque contortions of a candid camera maniac and even more at the terrifying results, fight that inferiority complex! Join the Camera Club and become the fiend yourself. Fight him with his own weapons and show him how he looks. Or better still, join the Fencing Club and learn how to avenge yourself.

The valuable experience you might gain by a year on the Students' Council will fit you leaders of tomorrow for coping with government situations. Lengthy arguments deciding such problems as whether the Dark Room

needs a new light, will develop your powers of oratory.

If you want to build up your somewhat doubtful constitution and at the same time help to wear down our venerable institution, join a Basketball team. When the four o'clock bell rings for practice, hop into your shorts and race up and down the stairs and along the halls at eighty miles an hour, playing follow the leader.

Now for you who need to catch up on your sleep, there is the rugby team. Joining this gives you a good excuse to go to bed at nine o'clock, homework done or not. It even gives you an excuse for sleeping from nine to four in the day time. Your teachers will always realize the superiority of rugby over Latin. There is the added consolation for you rugby heroes, that when you have completed your course in High School rugby, there will certainly be some one to support such handsome healthy lads as you in college. If you can get in!

In case you have not already chosen your course from those which we have mentioned, there is still Badminton, the Glee Club, Orchestra, or even that peak of musical harmony, the Bugle Band.

And if none of these occupations interests you, we suggest you take the Special Latin or French classes—or join the Foreign Legion!

MARALIN MCNRO AND MARGARET WESTBYE.



PURPLE PATCHES

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis purpureus late qui splendeat, unus et alter adsuitur pannus." Horace. *De Arte Poetica*.

Often to weighty enterprises and such as profess great objects, one or two purple patches are sewn on to make a fine display in the distance.

The heading "Purple Patches" has become very familiar to us. What exactly does it mean? By applying the quotation from Horace, we see that the weighty enterprises are sections of the magazine such as School News and Form News. The Purple Patches sewn on only to make a fine display in the distance are the literary contributions. When Mr. Morris suggested the name perhaps he intended a subtle hint that this department is not read widely enough by students.

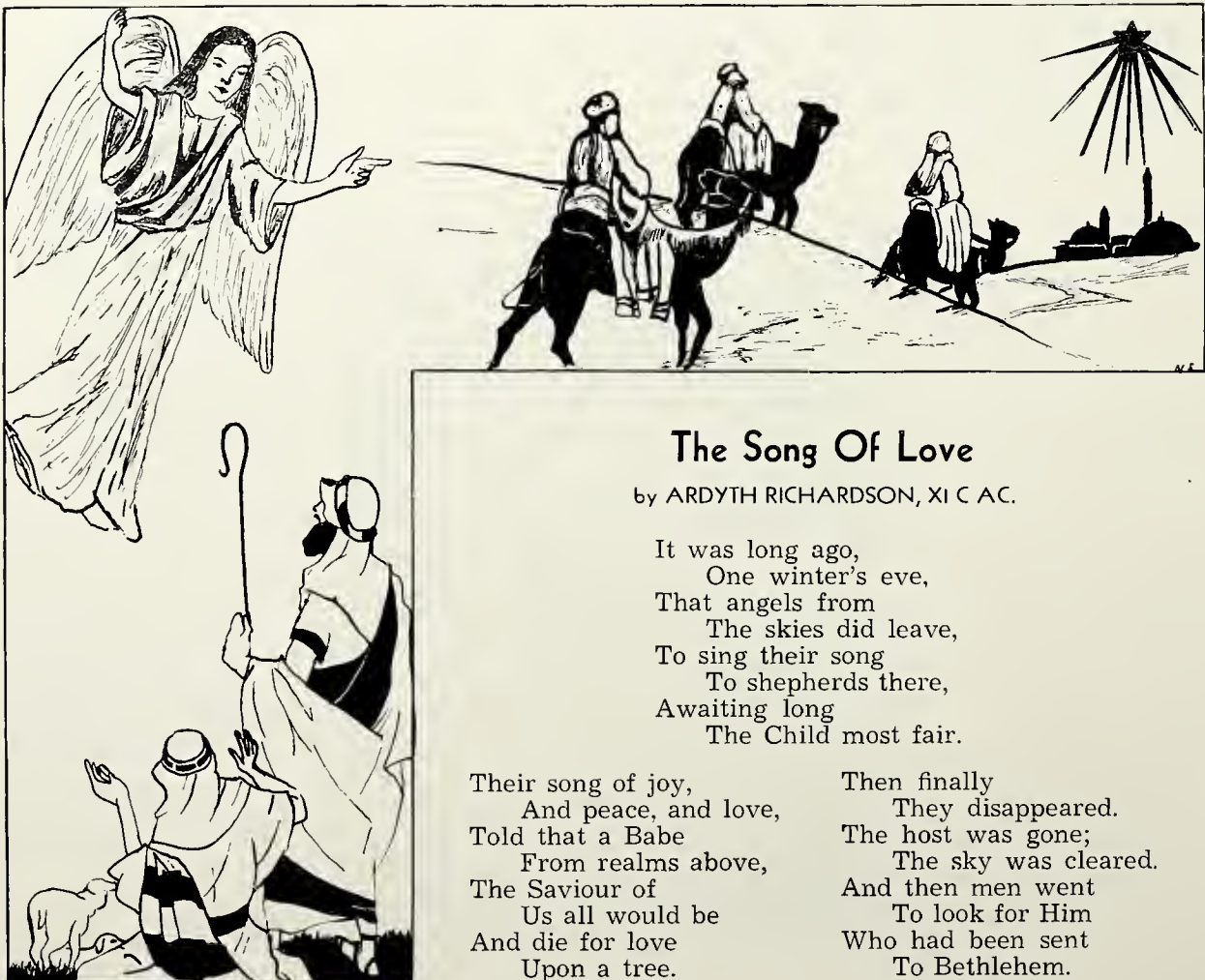
The 1940 Purple Patches upholds the standard of its predecessors and may even surpass it. There are two plays this year, *The Worm*

Turns and *The Stranger*. The first is light and comical, the second historical. To our knowledge it is the first time plays have been Printed in *The Echoes*. Special mention might be made too of the excellent senior short stories. Due to lack of space one or two which merited printing were omitted. Another new feature is the Junior Literary Section for Grades IX and X. This year the work of the juniors will not suffer by immediate comparison with that of the seniors.

At the Sigma Phi Convention in Toronto, Hugh Kenner won a prize for his story in the 1939 edition of *The Echoes* and Barrie Jack won honourable mention for his work. This year we have fine contributions from these boys.

The work in Purple Patches is well done and worth while taking time to read. Look over the next twenty-odd pages and see for yourselves.

MARGARET WESTBYE.



The Song Of Love

by ARDYTH RICHARDSON, XI C AC.

It was long ago,
One winter's eve,
That angels from
The skies did leave,
To sing their song
To shepherds there,
Awaiting long
The Child most fair.

Their song of joy,
And peace, and love,
Told that a Babe
From realms above,
The Saviour of
Us all would be
And die for love
Upon a tree.

Then finally
They disappeared.
The host was gone;
The sky was cleared.
And then men went
To look for Him
Who had been sent
To Bethlehem.

Silent Night

by BARRIE JACK V B AC.

The big car rolled silently down the cobbled street of Wutach and turned up the little ascent past the church which fronted on the village square. Wutach was quite dark at eleven o'clock in the evening, quite dark, and anyone could have accomplished what four high Austrian secret service officials were going to do that winter night.

The tires bit softly in the hard frost of the country road, and the twin beams glimmered for an instant on the frightened, paralyzed form of a hare—before the big wheels of the car crushed the life out of it. It is doubtful if any one of the four men noticed it, or noticed the date on the calendar pad which swung from the instrument panel, for in war there is little time for frightened winter hares on frosty country roads, or for Christmas, or any other of the holidays so dear in times of peace.

And so the big car breasted the rise of the hill above Wutach, and, for a moment, across the valley, clear and black against the twinkling stars in the frosty sky, rose the black bulk of the old Nordenwerk—and they noticed *that*, for, during the past months, since the defeat at Caporetto, more than one Italian prisoner had escaped, and had been passed through here on his way to Switzerland.

They were quite silent as the car covered the last miles—silent and grim, these four men, all staring with hard bleak eyes at the bulk of the building steadily growing nearer. Somewhere a cock crowed.

One of the men swore explosively, and for a time the tension relaxed.

"Only three o'clock," one said, "in winter the cocks crow any time. You know these roads well, Anton?"

"Quite well, excellenzia," said the other in a rather bitter tone, "quite well."

Yes, he might well know these roads, this Anton von Essendorf, for in the old days he had often played here, when he was only Anton Bucher, when the people in the Nordenwerk had passed him by with a sneer, although he was a true-born German, and everyone knew the Nordenworkers to be partly Italian, and with Italian sympathies.

"Anton, if you leave the car here, in the trees," said one, "perhaps you could go on ahead and look things over."

Anton nodded, and switching the lights off, turned the big car into the shadows of the lindens by the drive. Then stopping the engine, he stepped out, his rubber-soled overshoes

noiseless on the gravel. It would be a great coup for him, he thought, for none save he and those in the car knew about it. He moved quickly across the drive and up through the thick shrubbery of the terraced lawn. He buttoned his coat higher against the cold, as he crept up by the fountains, now frozen hard, and noted the weeds in the pools, and

the dead grass between the paving blocks. Evidently Nordenwerk had not known such prosperous times of late.

Then he was under the lighted windows of what he knew was the smaller dining room, and peering in through the frost on the glass.

Within, there were four men sitting, one in Italian uniform, all with Italian features and all apparently quite happy, though their faces looked pinched and tired. In the corner was a Christmas tree, with candles and tinsel, and beside it was Marquerite, Marguerite whom, in the old days, he had known and—no, the Austrian official told himself sternly, no, not loved, and his eyes left her to rest on the old mother with Marguerite's child on her knees—Marguerite's and Otto's, he thought with a sudden pang. The thought drove the anger and hatred in him deeper and deeper into his soul, and he turned away from the window and back to the car.

In the shrubbery he paused. His quick, trained ears had heard steps behind him on the frosty grass. He shrank back behind a low juniper, and drew his silenced Mauser from his pocket. Then his heart gave a great leap, and for a moment his revolver wobbled as he raised it to cover the figure of Marguerite on the grass.

"Come out of there at once, or I shall shoot," her voice said, clearly and sharply, and Anton watched her breath rising white against the night sky, and his heart pounded furiously on his ribs. Then his knuckles grew white on the revolver, and he grew strangely dizzy as a male figure rose from the shrubs a little way to the left, a male figure in the uniform of an Austrian private soldier, with his arms raised above his head. But he was not quite prepared



"He shrank back and drew his silenced Mauser from his pocket."

(Continued on Page 84)



Gulls

by JACK THOMPSON, XI C AC.

Sea gulls floating on the breeze,
Lazily drifting o'er the sea,
Near the fishing-wharfs and quays,
Search for bits of fish, dropped free.

Sighting one, a gull banks steeply,
Then drops down with quickened pace,—
Other gulls observe this quickly,
And with raucous cries, give chase.

They swoop down at the would-be owner,
Who, with loud and angry cries,
Quickly snatches at the morsel,
And with hurried beats, then flies.

But after him his fellows rush;
He hears around him greedy calls,
And while he dodges, swooping, turning,
From his beak the morsel falls.

Downward, ever downward, spinning,
Falls the bit for which they fight,
And the disappointed pirates
Watch it vanish out of sight.

The Stuff Of Life

by JIM LILLICO, VA AC.

A cheerful smile, a hearty grip,
A kind word in the face of strife,
A helping hand, by friendship moved;
These go to make the stuff of life!

A lilting song, a dew-touched leaf,
A mellow pipe with curling haze,
A full-rigged ship on white-tipped swell,
A good book: these fill all our days.

A fleecy cloud, the pale new moon,
The smell of lavender and lace,
A sprightly dance, a ling'ring kiss,
The sight of unforgotten face,

The mute appeal in a dog's deep eyes,
The child that spreads its arms in glee,
An old oak-tree: a thousand things,
Had we but time to stop and see!



June Night

by OLGA WESTBYE, SP. COM.

Still, so still
Summer is young to-night,
The silver moon she wears
Leaves her breathless with delight.
Her dusky hair is caught with stars
And misty scarves, all milky white.

Soft, so soft
Her eyes are dark and gay,
Her lovely laughing face is there
Watching the moonbeams play.
Time for a moment stops to gaze—
Then hastens on his way.

Sea Song

by BARRIE JACK, V B AC.

Then they bore him down,
The tall old king of a tall race of men,
Down where the surf washed slowly on the sand
Whispering of far-off seas and mighty fights;
And they laid him on the deck upon his throne.
Weak with his age he sat, white-lipped, eyes closed,
And the gulls wheeled, screaming, in the cloudless sky,
Screaming to see the tall ship leave the shore,
Taking the foaming waters with a bound,
Away, away, across the rolling sea,
The sea of kings, and mighty ships and men.
The cold blue northern sea of northern kings.

The fiord's waters opened slowly out;
The broad sea stretched away, before, behind;
The gray shore rose, clothed with Norwegian pines,
And fringed along the beach with whitened sand.
The ship rose to the surges of the open sea,
And now the land slid slowly out of sight
Farther and farther; the distance hid from view
His people, watching on the water's edge,
Watching to see the sea-king ride away,
Upon his own swift ship across the sea;
Across the sea, and from their ken of space;
Across the sea, and far beyond the world,
Beyond the sunset, and the surging waves
Ne'er to return. His ship no more shall round
The headland, home-returning from the sea.
No more the fires shall burn for him, or wives prepare
Feasting, beneath the snow-topped Norway trees.



And so the ship sailed on, on through the seas,
And smoke rose slow, and thick along her length
Above the benches and the long ash oars,
And burning slowly, so the sea was quiet
And all was silent, save the dying king
Breathing laboriously, and the gulls above,
Screaming and wheeling. To the dying king
They seemed the cries and screams of winter gales,
The wild Valkyrie riding on the storm

All done. All that a king could do, was done
Ev'n to his death. An old, old man,
Huddl'd upon his throne. His dim eyes closed,
Dreaming of olden fights and olden deeds,
Dreaming, the while his old eyes closed in death,
And flames rushed higher o'er the sinking ship.
Mounting above the mast. The gulls were gone,
And there were none to see the dying king
Rise to his feet, supported by his sword,
As the ship slipped, smoking, 'neath the silent seas,
Greeting the waves with a wild hiss
The seas rolled on
And only a while charred wood lay on the place
To mark Valhalla's gate, the heav'n of kings.

The Worm Turns

by SYLVIA BOORMAN, IV A AC.

Characters:

Josie Brown

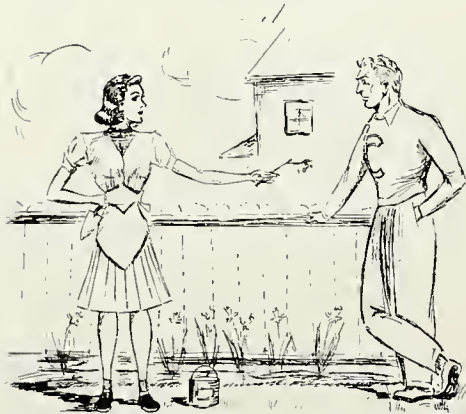
Chester Le Brun

The scene takes place in a garden. The only evidence of an adjoining house, is a wall, LEFT, and a short flight of cement steps. At the front is an iron fence separating the garden from the street. It is a very nice garden, and may be arranged as desired.

The curtain opens to disclose a young girl sitting disconsolately on the steps. She is airing her opinions on life in general and hers in particular. Whether the flowers are nodding in sympathy or amusement, we'll never know.

JOSIE: You'd think I were a person of doubtful character, a criminal or something the way they treat me. They don't even notice me! It's enough to drive a person to crime. I might get sent to jail for some terrible thing I'd done, and then, after years and years when they let me out, a broken and useless old—old—well, broken and useless, I would say: "Yes, if it hadn't been for my unhappy school-days, I wouldn't be the broken and useless old—old—I wouldn't be broken and useless." No sir!

(She reflects on this fascinating picture for a couple of seconds, shaking her head in sorrow over the people who would be the unknowing cause of this drama.)



"Do have a worm, Mr. Jones."

JOSIE: Oh why did we have to move? I've been at school almost three weeks, and still nobody has been the least bit friendly. *(Chanting dolefully)* Nobody loves me, everybody hates me, I think I'll go into the garden and eat worms.

(No sooner said than done. She jumps up, runs into the house and returns wearing a smock, and carrying a box

and trowel. She kneels down by a flower bed and begins. Her search is vicious, and she is startled at hearing a voice ask:)

VOICE: What're you doing?

JOSIE: *(not looking up)*: Digging up worms.

CHESTER: What for? Are you going to use them for fishing?

JOSIE: No, I'm going to eat them, of course. *(This said, as though it were the only sensible reason worms were ever put upon the earth. Then, looking up.)* Want some?

CHESTER: *(Turning slightly green — he doesn't go to college yet)*: Why-er-eh-sure.

JOSIE *(Practically, while she pokes a stick under the squirming body of a worm, and keeping it at arm's length, drops it into the box)*: How would you like them? Nice 'n juicy 'n fat? Or would you rather have 'em all sizzled up lovely and crisp?

CHESTER *(Shaking his head sadly)*: I'll have mine raw, thanks.

JOSIE *(Getting up and coming over to him. Affecting society)*: Do have a worm, Mr. Jones.

CHESTER: Mmm—thanks. Golly, how do you eat the things—with your fingers?

JOSIE *(Still high-hat)*: I think the usual procedure is to drop the worm into the mouth, close the teeth, and by a series of said dental instruments, transform the worm into a-er-*(she gulps)* a pulp. Then, by a process of bringing the tongue against the palate of the mouth—in short, by swallowing—the worm is considered eaten. *(She drops the affectation, draws a long breath and says)* If it isn't, it certainly isn't my fault.

CHESTER: Well . . . thanks. *(Takes one in his hand)*. Now, won't you have one?

(Josie starts to put her hand in the box twice—withdraws it hastily both times. Looks helplessly at Chester, whom she just realizes is the rather nice-looking boy who lives next door. He comes to the rescue).

CHESTER: Do you know I believe one of those things made a face at me just then. Personally, I don't think we should associate with such worms, do you?

JOSIE *(In a relieved voice)*: No, it really is beneath one's dignity.

(He hurls the worms away, and they both laugh. Josie and Chester, not the worms).

CHESTER: And now, seeing that I don't think you are the kind of person to make a habit of going around eating worms, let's get better acquainted over a chocolate soda. What say? You know, we've all been wanting to get to know you at school but we didn't know how to go about it. I never thought I'd almost have to eat a worm to do it, but—all's well that ends well I've been told.

(Josie throws off her smock, and Chester helps her over the fence.)

CHESTER: And oh, by the way, would you think me very impolite to ask just what you were going to use those worms for?

JOSIE *(With a wink at the audience)*: For fishing—and just look at what I hooked.

CURTAIN

Spies In Dover

by REX ROSE, XI D IND. ARTS

It was purely by chance that Jim Bradburn and I received information which ultimately averted a great tragedy. All through our adventure we were favoured with phenomenal luck and it seemed we could do nothing wrong.

There is a small restaurant in this suburb of Dover where we went every afternoon for a cup of tea. Usually we occupied a table which overlooked the sea and from which the distant coast of France could be seen on clear days. However, on this particular day we sat at a table in a little alcove. A short, dark gentleman rose from a table near the door, sauntered over to us, and handed me a heavily sealed envelope.

"Nice day for business, isn't it?" he said breezily.

Of course I wasn't going to spoil the good man's opinion, so I replied in a secretive way, "Well yes, if one knows what one is about!"

He smiled a fat, oily smile like an Eskimo and went back to his table.

I am a great believer in Time. Of course we could have grabbed our hats and coats and hastily departed to see what Fortune, or Fate, had meted out to us, but instead, under cover of a heated argument on the merits and faults of the Versailles Treaty, we tried to find out the cause of the mistake. Our cutlery had not become displaced accidentally and given him a sign; our hats and coats were not in a strange position; there was nothing out of the ordinary in our posture at the table; I could not remember having unconsciously used a mannerism to give him any cue. Evidently it was my likeness to the person who should have received the letter which had caused the messenger to make the error. The time was forty-

seven minutes past four on a Thursday afternoon. After another cup of tea, we went to my apartment to examine the letter.

Little did we know what work lay ahead of us! That letter was all in code. I have an acquaintance who spends all his spare time decoding those silly messages in detective magazines, so we took the message to him. Next morning he brought his results. They read as follows:

"Your work so far has been excellent. However, there is still information which is absolutely necessary if we are to carry out our plan to mine the entire fortifications of Dover. How far below the ground floor do the ammunition magazines extend in section F? Your pay will be twenty pounds. Leave the information with the messenger at your next meeting.—J."

"Well," said Jim with the air of a man who had successfully completed a hard and dangerous task, "I'm glad 'J' likes our work. Who is the master mind?"

We assumed that the person who should have received the message had been unavoidably detained. The death notices in the papers could perhaps give us a clue. There were several prospects—a prominent social benefactor, a military police colonel, and a man killed by an army lorry in the repair shops. The hospital gave no hint as to the identity of the agent, so, as a last resort, we inquired at all the doctors' offices, and there our search was ended. Doctor Ingleston was treating an artificer who had crushed his hand while loading shells. The unsuspecting doctor graciously told us the officer's name—Mister Wilson—and his next appointment. It was half past three on Saturday afternoon. Next it was necessary to verify the fact that it was my likeness to the agent which misled the messenger.

Just before the zero hour Jim waited in the office as a patient. He had a small cut which we made into a gory mess by applying a patent medicine, guaranteed by the maker to cure corns, stiff and sore muscles, over-indulgence, small cuts and bruises, and dandruff. The ruse worked wonderfully—so well in fact that the doctor lanced his finger and ordered him to bed! Wilson looked so much like me that the doctor got us mixed and then tried to explain to the suspicious Wilson that I had been making inquiries about him. Surely the spy would realize what was happening, give an alarm and depart. It was apparent that we must work fast.

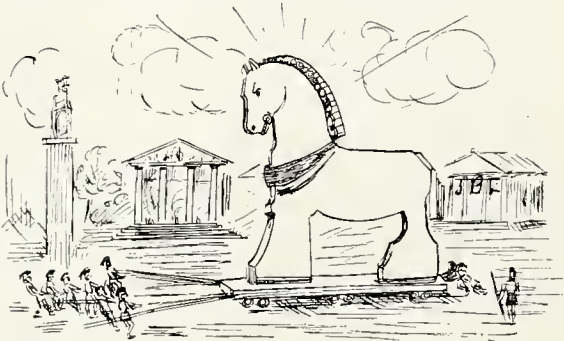
The time had come to learn more of the organization of the gang and its leader. Our only way seemed to try to bluff Wilson into giving us information. Jim got me a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a false moustache and drove over to Wilson's address. Donning

(Continued on Page 89)

The New Sublimity

by HUGH KENNER, IV A AC.

This was sublimity in war;
(So Homer sang): to bathe in gore,
And smite in fierce encounter red
Till one or t'other tumbled dead.
Sublimely thus the Trojan fight
Ten years was carried on at height,
But last the lofty citadel
By stratagem to Grecians fell;
Perceiving which, in lofty rhyme
Blind Homer chanted, "How sublime!"



Great Caesar in the Gallic field
To Vercingetorix would yield
When maces rained barbaric blows
And southern blood with terror froze
Before the northern battle-axe,
Whose blips and buffetings and hacks
Cut through the armour Romans wore.
In Commentaries Caesar swore,
"Non Bellum Est." Translators chime,
"Not war," appending "but sublime."

Sublimity, as Homer sang,
Dwelt where the swords and bucklers rang;
Nor was the epithet denied
To stratagem, if well applied.
And Caesar in his Commentaries
(Though the interpretation varies),
Considered war sublime alike
When planned with brain or clinched with
pike.

Examine now the present time
With these authorities sublime.



What carnage looms on Chile's coast,
One ship encompassed by a host!
But no! The skipper's Aryan brain
Can circumvent such strife inane.
The wily skipper, with a wink,
Rotates a valve and lets her sink.
The ghost of Caesar pales a shade:
What? wouldst thou have a bloody raid?
How sparing of the battle's grime!
O, new simplicity sublime!

A sleeping town prospective prey:
"An entry forced," is Homer's say,
"By wooden horse or otherwise:
Then carnage, sack, appalling cries—
Sublimity is thus." But nay!
The bombers have a better way:
Unwittingly the sleepers pass
To Acheron by poison gas,
Unmindful of the spoilers' crime:
Surpassing clemency sublime!

"What man to tamper thus hath dared?"
Great Caesar's shade bombastic blared;
While Homer, always grander far,
Vows on the Innovator war.
"One Adolf Hitler's is the sin,"
We answer, "dwelling in Berlin:
Excepting when, with sorrows laden,
He flits away to Berchtesgaden."
Digesting which, says Caesar, "I'm
With Homer laying plans sublime."



The pride of thirty million Huns,
A battleship of twenty guns,
Fully equipped with scuttling-cocks,
Awaits its launching at the docks.
But as der Fuehrer blusters loud
Above the spell-enchanted crowd,
Two shades, invisible and dread,
The champagne-bottle from its stead
Removing, bang therewith the head
Of Adolf till he tumbles dead;
Whereat his guard astonished fled;
And Britons, when they heard it, said,
In words that fortunately rhyme,
"A bloody blow, but how sublime!"

A Dream

by
LLOYD HARVIE
V B A C.

I could hear the pounding hoofs more distinctly now and, pausing to cast a terrified look behind me, I saw that the huge, black horse was gaining on me. Only one more block and I'd be home.

Ah yes! That's our number.

I rushed up the steps and into the house; now that big, black, red-eyed devil couldn't get me. Almost instantaneously with this thought there came a terrifying crash and a splintering of wood at the front door. Above this barrage of sound came a blood-curdling neigh that could only come from the chest of a crazed horse.

With a cry of terror I sprang up from the couch into which I had collapsed and began to pile chairs and tables up against the door which led from the living room into the hall. As I rushed into the adjoining room to get the kitchen stove I could hear the sharp hooves shattering the floor boards in the hall. I grabbed the stove and ran back into the living room where I planted it, still smoking, on the top of the chesterfield. (Take it easy now, mother! It was only a dream.) Just as I was stooping to pick up the quarter I had lost three years ago, there came the sound of rending wood and glancing hooves mingled with the bellicose scream of the horse.

With palpitating heart I peeked timidly through the keyhole but was nearly blinded by the glaring eyes of the monster which was peering in at me. It started to laugh horribly, its glossy sides quivering in an ecstasy of triumph. "You can't get away," it snarled.

I waited for no more, but snatching the quarter off the sofa I ran for the stairs. When I got about half-way up I suddenly realized that I had forgotten to switch on the escalator and so I dashed down into the cellar and turned it on. While I was down there I decided to split the kindling for "Gramp." The old chap would appreciate that.

As I was climbing back up the cellar steps I paused to listen and above the rattle of the street cars I could barely distinguish the rasping voice of the horse and the sibilant whisper of Boris Karloff as they conversed out in the



"I could see the horse's head emerging from the keyhole."

hall. The horse seemed in favour of breaking in the door with his forefeet but at this suggestion Boris went into a furious tirade which he concluded by saying that the landlord wouldn't like it anyway. I mounted the remaining cellar steps in a bound and as I dashed into the living room I could see the horse's head emerging from the keyhole and the green hand of Karloff squeezing through the crack under the door.

The only place left to hide in now was the attic. I scrambled up the stairs, screaming at the top of my voice, and pulling the steps up after me so as to impede the progress of the two awful demons who were following me. As I was packing the last step away in its allotted space in my bureau drawer the horse appeared on the landing at the foot of the stairs.

With pounding heart I shinnied up the tree leading into the attic and as I climbed I could hear the vicious snorts of the horse and feel his hot breath on my ankles. I leaped from the top limb of the tree on to the attic floor and ran for the widow, determined to leap to my death rather than be crushed under those flailing hoofs.

I pulled myself up on to the window ledge and stepped off into space. As I fell I could feel the wind snatching at my trouser legs and looking far down into the dimly lighted street

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The Stranger

by MURIEL McCARRELL, XI B AC.

Cast:

*Dan Kilaren, an Irish settler.
Susan, his wife.
Patrick, their son.
A Stranger.*

The Scene:

A low-ceilinged, staunch-looking and somewhat dull living-room. Entry to this room is through a rough and sturdy front door. Dan Kilaren, massive, muscular, strong of arm and feature, sits in a huge rocker watching the snow pelt against the one small window



and listening to the cruel winds howling round the house. Susan, his kindly-eyed wife is spinning industriously, and talking as she does. Their son, Patrick, a tall, lean boy of fourteen, sits silent, head on his hands, elbows on his knees, staring into the coals.

DAN (taking his clumsy, black pipe from his mouth): Sure, 'tis a good night to be indoors and not out trampin' in the snow.

SUSAN: It is that, Dan. 'Tis not like Ireland when we have such long, cold months, but with a cosy fire to warm us, what more could we ask?

DAN: Oh, aye. We're been very fortunate and cannot be complainin' at all. We're as happy as most in Upper Canada; aye, there are many not so happy at all.

SUSAN: What means all this rebellion in York that they call Toronto? Is there truth in it?

DAN: A very, very, bad and serious business this rebellion is. It gets you nowhere.

PATRICK: Aye, dad, a serious business it is, but for a good cause. Bond Head and his Government need to be overthrown. For Lieutenant-Governor we need Mackenzie 'cause it's a fine, good man he is.

DAN: Susan, do you hear our son speak his mind? Sure and I think he's going to be a rebel.

SUSAN: Pat, we'll have no rebels in our family. Anymore of such talk and I'll thump your ears for you.

PATRICK: Aye and you don't understand the affairs of government. We do need reform and I do so like this leader, Mackenzie. How I wish I could talk to him!

SUSAN: The Lord preserve us from all such. Pat, run off to bed.

(Pat remains)

DAN: From all I hear our government may need some changing, but this rebel Mackenzie, is going too far. He has gathered other reckless men under him and they plan to overthrow Bond Head at York.

(A knock is heard at the door. All turn towards the door and the knock is repeated.)

SUSAN (with a frightened look): Mercy, who could be out on such a night and at this late hour?

DAN: We shall soon see.

(He goes to the door, opens it a little, and peers out. The stranger without, being of small stature, is admitted.)

STRANGER (bows): Madam, your servant. Sir—

DAN: Dan Kilaren I am. This, my wife and son.

STRANGER (bows again): I am off my way, sir, and beg shelter of you if you will afford me that.

SUSAN: Would you come to the fire and thaw yourself, for 'tis a rare cold night outside.

STRANGER: It feels coldest when one is riding,—riding fast.

DAN: I'll see to stabling your horse, but first you must give us your name.

STRANGER: That I cannot, sir. I am sorry.

DAN: You cannot! You ask shelter of us and give us no name? That cannot be.

STRANGER: Very well, I can trust you, my friends. I am William Lyon Mackenzie. Here are my watch and seals.

DAN: You—you are Mackenzie? Patrick, your wish has come true.

CURTAIN

Frost

by MARJORIE FOSTER, SP. COM.

Frost—crystal, sparkling diamonds on the branches, on the wires, on the sidewalk, on the bare, cold ground and on the window panes in dazzling patterns.

In the little grey house at the end of the street, Mary gazed sleepily on her frosted window pane, then shivered and reluctantly slid out of bed. Why did she have to be born in this cold country—why not in the South Sea Islands or Africa? A thousand thoughts rushed to her mind. How could she live through a winter and support her younger, invalid brother? This was her first winter alone since her mother had died.

A few minutes later she hurried into the tiny adjacent living room, where Danny spent his long days and nights on a couch by the window. A small, pale-faced boy with tousled dark curls lay with his face resting in the cup of his hand. He looked happy, but his wide blue eyes held a fanciful and strangely wistful expression as he gazed at the window, beautiful in its frosty patterns. He looked at his sister as she entered the room, a worried frown on her face.

"Why, Mary, aren't you happy? Look what's happened in the night; Frostdia has come back!"

Mary looked at him with surprise and something of fright. Oh, dear Heaven, surely his head wasn't becoming affected! What was he talking about? Seeing she didn't understand, he hurried on to explain.

"Oh, you don't know about Frostdia and Princess Crystal. Well, she's Queen of Frostdia on the Window Pane. That's the name of the country I made up. Don't you see all the wonderful castles and trees and flowers in her land. She only lets me visit her country in the winter and then I have such fun with her in the castles and among the lovely frost flowers. She's very beautiful. Her hair is all silvery with diamonds in it. And, Mary, if you are kind to her, she'll bring good luck to you. Last year when she first came I got my new couch that day, and Mother sent me a red rose from her hospital. Then when I put my hand on a castle the next day and melted it off, I had a bad ache again, and I broke my china dog bank."



"Frostdia has come back," he said. "She's queen of Frostdia on the Window Pane."

Slumber Song

by MARY WAITE, IV A AC.

Let thy dear head rest upon my breast
While sleep do lull thee,
Let thine eyelids close in calm repose
And in mine arms I'll fold thee.

Let thine eyes of brown, in slumber drown,
(And, soft curls, I'll caress thee.)
Thou'lt sleep as deep as fairies sleep,
So tenderly I'll bless thee.

As he rushed on breathlessly, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, practical Mary decided she had been letting him read too many books, which Miss Keys was forever sending over from the district library. Yet, the frost patterns did look rather like castles and flowers when one looked at them long enough, so she smiled her gay smile at him and ran over to kiss him impulsively.

When she was leaving, he refused to be moved from the draughty window and begged her not to make the room too warm lest his Frostdia disappear.

As she went out of the door he called after her as always, "Good luck!" but added, "Remember, Princess Crystal brings good luck."

Passing the Employment Bureau, when she got down town, she went in, on an impulse, just to see if her name had moved up any on the list. What was her joy when the woman at the desk said: "Well, Miss Lamont, I am glad you came in. I have a position which, I think, will suit you. A young writer, Mr. Michael Whitney, wants a girl with typing experience to help him prepare his manuscripts. I thought of you at once. The pay won't be much, but it will be better than what you are getting in that Ten Cent Store."

Dazed with joy Mary took the card Miss Perkins handed to her and walked towards the door. Then Suddenly Danny's eager words came to her. "Remember Princess Crystal brings good luck." She laughed aloud, much to the startled Miss Perkins' surprise, and rushed out the door.

An hour later she sat in a tiny, dingy office, but how happy she was to be there! Mr. Whit-

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Night Bombing Leaves Death and Destruction!

by AUDREY DANTON, SP. COM.

Death Toll Mounts as Floods and Flames Sweep City

"Lights Out!", sounded the alarm sirens at 2:15 o'clock this morning, warning citizens of the approach of enemy bombers. "Seek bomb-proof shelters! Don gasmasks!" was the message given by the radio-car touring the streets. Then, darkness covered everything. The whine of bombs, the screams of the wounded, and the cries of the terror-stricken people filled the night air. The enemy must have been well-informed as to the lay-out of the city. Coming from the west they rained bombs over the residential district, then opened fire on the Canadian General Electric Company. Moving on, they completely demolished the Raybestos Plant. Fire broke out in the down-town section as exploding bombs burst into flames. Flood waters swept over Ashburnham and the south end of the city, raising the already heavy death toll.

C.G.E. and Raybestos Plants First

The Canadian General Electric Plant, along with the Raybestos Company, used since the beginning of the war as two of the most important munition factories, were first in the line of attack. The thousands of workers, working against time to make munitions for our soldiers, were buried beneath the huge piles of twisted steel and crumpled brick. Scarcely ten minutes after the alarm sounded, the enemy struck. Thrown into confusion by the cry, "Lights out! Air Raid!" the workers had no chance to gain the bomb-proof cellars. Few escaped death. A list of the deaths will be posted on the bulletin board. Search parties are probing the ruins to find the bodies.

Heavy Floods as Dam is Bombed

The bombing of the London Street Dam, let loose a torrent of swirling flood waters, that swept over the Quaker Power Plant and the supply of electricity for the Quaker Oats Company was entirely cut off. The names of the four victims of the disaster have not been ascertained. The debris, caused by the destruction of Hunter Street Bridge served to check the torrent of water to some extent, but the south end of the city was completely flooded, adding greatly to the number killed.

Fire Breaks Out as Bomb Explodes Gasometers

An unknown hero saved probably thousands of lives by his quick thinking. At the sound of the alarm sirens, he shut off the gas-line leading to the underground pipes which go to the

homes. Had fire started in these the whole city would have been blown up. As it was, the fire and explosion was confined to the gasometers. Several were killed in this disaster, and many were left homeless as the force of the explosion caused houses to topple. Every pane of glass in the Quaker Oats Company, and the surrounding houses was shattered. This factory received other damages, none serious, when Hunter Street Bridge was hit.

Hospitals and City Buildings Escape

Fortunately both hospitals escaped. At the first sounds of alarm they had prepared for the attack by moving all patients into the basement or to the first floor, and by extinguishing all lights. The city buildings were also untouched. The enemy seemed mostly concerned with the munition factories. The cost of the damage has not yet been established, but it is estimated it will run to at least \$3,000,000.

Peace, Be Still

by DONALD WARNE, V A AC.

"The storm is upon us," cried Peter in fear,
As the ship sailed Galilee o'er;
"The hold is fast filling," called Luke from below,
While waves dashed round with a roar.

The tempest still rose and the winds blew loud,
And the sinking ship roughly was rocked;
"We're lost," moaned the tired and frantic crew;
"You're lost," the mighty winds mocked.

"Where is our Master?" asked one of them then.
"At the back on a pillow asleep;
He careth neither if winds harass,
Nor if waves o'er our barque do sweep."

Indignant, they rushed to the hinder part
And on their Saviour did frown,
Bearing Him glances and words of reproach:
"Carest Thou not if we drown?"

"Oh why are ye fearful, ye faithless men,
Who have neither prayer nor will?"
Then rose this matchless Creator of earth
And called to the waves, "Be still."

'Neath a clear, blue sky lay a limpid sea;
The whole earth with birds' songs rang,
And joining in chorus triumphant and free,
"Peace, be still," men and nature sang.

My Dream

by JIM HARVEY, V A AC.

My Dream is like the morning light,
That pierces the mighty gloom,
That severs the vale of sullen night,
That stirs the lark to lofty flight,
And bans the silvery moon.

My Dream has the breath of spring-time,
With tresses of golden hue,
With cheeks the shade of mellow wine,
And dimpled lips of a smile divine,
My one beloved You.

Unfinished Business

by HUGH KENNER, IV A AC.

The first day they entrusted me with a pair of crutches, I set out on a hobbling discovery-tour of all the hospital grounds; as indeed would any fighting man who had been four months laid up with his right leg full of lead, and was now at last allowed to go forth and learn over again the use of the left one. After crossing the big lawn and encountering several of my Maginot comrades who were likewise taking the air, I came to a small structure like a greenhouse, roofed with glass panes overgrown with ivy, and containing, so I could see through the open door, four beds, two of them empty. Of the occupants of the other two, one was asleep with his arm lying in a cast on the counterpane in front of him; the other, red-eyed and full-bearded, was wide awake, as was proved by the fact of his sitting propped up on two pillows and carolling unto heaven some witless ballad about a soup-tureen; whereby was the obliviousness of the sleeper made manifest, for he stirred not a whit, though the roof-panes rang.

Now most of the men upon whose company you are thrown in a war-hospital are spiritless and overmuch haunted by the dulling memory of bursting shells; so hoping for some better amusement I crossed the threshold and confronted the singer. The soup-tureen was dropped in mid-stave, and two hot eyes were turned upon me.

"Maginot?" asked he, observing my trussed-up leg.

"At Chatrusse," I replied. "In the second week, too."

"I got mine at Malapert", returned he. "We had precious fun there, Alf and I. Old Adolf himself was visiting those parts. Near kidnapped him, we did, him with all his bloody guard around him."

I was visibly astonished to hear of the Fuehrer visiting the battle-line.

"You don't believe it? Well, I'll tell you all about it, for I was there. Alf and I, we got old Adolf half-way across No-Man's Land in a wheelbarrow, that November morning. That's Alf there," he explained indicating the sleeper. Seeing that I was in for a yarn, I sat on the foot of his cot, disposed my crutches beside me, and

bade him begin. And the mad tale he told me, which you may believe or may not as you prefer, was in this wise:

This Alf here (giving the sleeper a prod) was discharged from a sappers' company as a bloody all-round nuisance, and since men were too scarce to be lost, they saved themselves shipping him home by wishing him on 57th Gunners'. Well, Alf was a clever inventive fellow, and before the week was out he had altogether persuaded the sergeant that we deserved to lose the war if we didn't try one of his crack-pot schemes—"The Sniper's Friend," he called it. And because that sergeant and I were always sort of *friendly*. (this word with terrible emphasis), he picked me to have the honour of trying it out.

Well, sir, I won't weary you with all the preparations, for they went off right enough; but the game wound up with me and my rifle at two o' the morning standing inside an artificial hollow tree in the middle of the Flanders mud, waiting for dawn to break so we could start our little private circus, which was to be a day's round of sniping from twenty-yards with Fritz never knowing where the bullets were coming from.

All at once the moon slipped out from under the clouds, and I saw a German sentry near by staring at the stars and dreaming. I was getting tired and thought I would pick him off at once; but first I determined to edge just a mite closer, for I was a poor shot and a most senseless choice for a job of this kind. Just as I started to walk, carrying the tree with me, I saw the sentry take a long pull out of a flask; this annoyed me exceedingly, for we'd heard all along that the Germans had only muddy water to sustain them. As he licked his lips he looked right at me, and never batted an eye to see my tree come ten paces nearer him; I thought that if German rum was as powerful as that I'd better investigate it for myself. So closer I came, and then a bit closer still, Fritz never making a move but plying the flask again and all of a sudden my tree-door was open and I was in the trench knocking him cold with my

gun-butt. Then I picked up the flask, but of course, such being my luck, it was empty.

Then I thought I'd have a look for some more, so I took my rifle in both hands like a club and started off down the trench. I beaned two sentries from behind, but that wasn't much fun, so I decided to pop into the first door I saw. It was at the end of that angle of the trench, and it led into a little room with a writing table, a clothes-press, and a cot; some general's haunt. I crept under the bed and awaited the proprietor.

I was just rubbing my first cramp, when a light entered, and two voices with it; one was foreign and raucous, one much softer, both spoke my mother-English! I wriggled along the floor a bit, and peeped out. There was old Adolf himself, just as I'd always imagined him, cookie-duster and all; and there was that good-for-nothing Alf! They were arguing about rum and prices, and pretty soon I understood—Alf

had been filching rum-cases from our supply-dumps for sale to the enemy! He must have been at it a long time, for he was wrangling with der Fuehrer himself.

After a bit Adolf went out after money, leaving Alf there alone. I crept out from under the bed, and hissed "You rotter!" pretty sharply in his ear. He let out a yell like a trapped fox, and when he recognized me he started begging me not to tell the C.O. if I got back; which I promised him on condition that he'd help me tie up Adolf for shipment and bring him home alive. He saw what heroes that'd make us, and agreed promptly enough; but then we struck the first snag; for if we were going to bring Adolf home, we'd need something to cart him in.

It was Alf saved the day. He stuck a bit of comb on to his lip, and brushed his hair down, for with one of the uniforms in the clothes-

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Wind, Sand and Stars by Antoine St. Exupéry

Reviewed by SHIRLEY ASHBY, IV B AC.

Sometimes one reads a book, not because of any real interest in the author's work, but because the critics and those who "ought to know" have given very enthusiastic accounts of it. I was fortunate enough to read "Wind, Sand and Stars," by the French aviator author of "Night Flight," before I had heard its praises sung by others, and thus was able to gather my own impressions.

One might expect a book by such a highly trained airman to tell of various flights in the enthralling style of a railway timetable, but instead, it is full of passages of indescribable beauty. No one with a spark of imagination would hurry over his chapter on the Elements

in which he recounts his battle with a cyclone off the Argentinian coast. No adjectives would be descriptive enough to acclaim his artistry in telling of his night flight among the million pin-pricks by which his course was charted.

My own vocabulary is pitifully inadequate when I try to describe my impression of this book, so I can convey it best by quoting one of the passages which captured my interest:

"At that rate of speed, the impalpable eddies of evening air drum softly on the wings, and the plane seems to be drilling its way into a quivering crystal so delicate that the wake of a passing swallow would jar it to bits."

Winter's Retreat

by STEWART BROWN, X A AC.



JUNIOR LITERARY SECTION

Winter's Wonderland

by JOYCE GALLAGHER, H. ARTS X

There is something about the winter beauty of Jackson Park that is very impressive and awe-inspiring. One cold frosty afternoon, a friend and I decided to go for a tramp through its winding paths. Upon entering this park we were immediately struck by the very silence and vast loneliness of the place or perhaps it was the grandeur of the great snow-laden coniferous trees that impressed us. The only sound that penetrated the intense quiet was the occasional twittering of a sparrow overhead, or now and then the cawing of crows in some far-off corner of the park. Rounding a bend in the road, we presently encountered the familiar old Japanese bridge, native to Jackson Park. At the same time we noticed the artificial lake, which drained of its water, resembled somewhat a small canyon with the snow sifting in on all sides.

Leaving this section of the park, we made our way over the glistening hard-packed snow to the more elevated regions. Here we mounted one of those small hills, so popular with skiers.



Gazing up and down its wooded aisles carpeted in white, we were reminded of an immense cathedral, where one could almost kneel and pray at any of those snow-covered stumps so much like altars in their purity and whiteness.

Finally we turned our attention to the creek, which so fascinated us by its ever blissfully gurgling water flowing swiftly over the rocks that line its bed. Lost in admiration we wandered aimlessly along the bank for perhaps a mile or so.

Slowly retracing our steps homeward, we fully realized after one last backward glance at Jackson Park that this was indeed a Winter's Wonderland.

A Snowflake

by DOROTHY THORPE, IX I

Dainty little snowflake
Graceful as a swan
Floating through the atmosphere
From sunset until dawn.

Welcome, little snowflake,
Piling into drifts
Making all the skiers glad
By filling in the rifts;

Covering all the tree-tops
With soft fluffy down,
Giving each and every branch
A soft and lacy gown.

Carefree little snowflake,
How I envy you,
Fluttering so aimlessly
With not a thing to do.

A Fall Morning In Canada

by ELEANOR DOYLE, X A

There are charms in certain mornings,
Like a morning in the fall;
When the hoar-frost's all a-glitter,
And the trees are straight and tall.
When the smoke from cosy cottages,
Rises upward through the sky;
I scan this picture with a glance,
And breathe a thankful sigh.
For there's nothing like a morning
When we start the day anew;
To start with better resolutions,
With a sky so clear and blue;
No clouds to darken this painting,
Achieved by the One on High,
Then: comes the whistle of a sparrow
And the piercing black-bird's cry;
There are tiny flakes of delicate snow,
Fluttering through the air,
The frost like tiny diamonds,
So precious and so rare.
With a land like this to call our own,
Free from trouble and despair,
We are proud to be the people of
Our Canada, beloved and fair.



After School

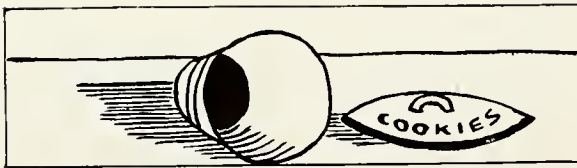
by PAULINE KEMPT, IX H

A house should have a
cookie-jar
For when it's half-past
three
The children all rush home
from school
As hungry as can be.

There's nothing quite so splendid
In filling children up
As spicy, fluffy, ginger cakes
Or white milk in a cup.

A house should have a mother
Waiting with a hug
No matter what her child brings home
Some money or a bug.

Children only dawdle home
When the bell rings to dismiss
If no one's home to greet them
With a cookie or a kiss.



The Spring Woods

by LENORE MATHER, IX F

The day had come for my favourite excursion—a visit to the spring woods. I had never yet missed this visit nor did I ever intend to. The beauty of this scene is stamped on my memory forever.

How fragile seemed the delicate hepaticas as they peeped from under their covering of dead leaves! What lovely colours they were, ranging from the frost-like white to deep purple, like nothing I have ever seen! How green were the tender shoots of numberless other plants! The trillium had not yet shown itself to the curious eye of the invader.

The trees had not responded to the call of spring and they stood like dark sentinels guarding the secrets of the woods. Little rabbits darted hither and thither as though in search of the unknown presence which we call spring.

This scene stands foremost among the many which I have treasured in my memory. It was not a wonderful one such as is seen from a skyscraper in New York, but its simplicity was its charm.

The History of Hats

by JEAN McDONALD, X A COM.

The first we hear of hats is in the early days in Phrygia, Asia Minor, where warlike women called Amazons lived. They wore helmets made from furry animal skins which had long, thin ear-laps. The Romans and also the Egyptian women wore practically the same "hats".

Other later members of the extensive hat family were the gabled hood and the wimple. The chaperone with a laripipe was a hood worn by jesters in old English kings' courts. A cape was attached to the hood, covering the shoulders and sometimes having tiny bells jangling from the points around the bottom of this cape. The laripipe was a long, narrow tail, hanging from the top of the hood. The gabled hood was a high three-pointed head dress having graceful folds of cloth which fell down the sides of the face. There were many versions of it ranging from low, fairly flat types, to high, basin-like hoods worn by the upper classes. The wimple, as most of us know, was made from cloth which could be wrapped around the head in many different ways. It covered the hair because the men of the church had a belief that women should not show their hair. Another kind of old English hat was the hennon. It was high and pointed and suggested a dunce's cap. Twisted around it from bottom to top and falling from the point was a long strip of cloth.

Later varieties of headdresses included the French Revolutionary Period type. These women wore their hair done high on their heads. Straw and lard were used to keep the many curls in place, and a small, flat hat was placed on the top. Plumes, feathers, and ribbons provided ample decorations.

In the Elizabethan era, what was known as the Mary Stewart headdress was favoured by the women. It resembled greatly the widow's of modern days.

The men of the French Revolutionary Period usually wore wigs, much powdered and beribboned, with curls in the back.

In Henry VIII's time flat hats, made from rich velvets and other fine fabrics, were the men's headgear. They usually had a large colorful plume thrust in the side.

In the nineteenth century an operetta entitled "The Merry Widow" inspired the women to wear large, broad-brimmed hats. The hair was then done in the upsweeping pompadour style.

Another favourite style of this century was the bonnet. It began by being small and narrow-brimmed but was gradually replaced by a large, and also very wide-brimmed bonnet.

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Choosing A Course

by ELEANOR COLLINS, X H. ARTS

Oh, yes, Academic and Commercial courses are all right for career women, but for the girl with domestic ideas, Household Arts is just the thing. I have often thought of being a secretary or even a druggist, but when I heard that Cary Grant liked good cooks, well, my mind was made up. It was Household Arts for me. Besides a woman's place is in the home, and what good would a Latin phrase be to a poor girl struggling with a poached egg?

Oh how lovely it is to go by the cooking room! The delicious aroma of cookies and

macaroons drifts out the door until you can't resist the urge to go in, but then how much lovelier it is to be on the inside sampling these delicacies. All of your shorthand and basic French won't satisfy that watering mouth, longing for one of those golden brown cookies just like the ones mother makes.

No matter what profession a woman may enter there comes a time when she wants to see herself as a cook and home-manager. When she undertakes this new job she really appreciates what she has learned in the Household Arts Course.

Mystery Music

by JOYCE GALLAGHER, X H. ARTS

One stormy winter night a rather peculiar incident occurred which will long remain in my memory.

In the first place it was what one would term a "spooky" or mysterious night with the wind howling dismally through the trees and the sky slightly overcast. To make matters even worse, I happened, on this particular evening to be alone in the house. Retiring to bed earlier than usual I had commenced to read an extremely gruesome mystery story. As the plot rapidly unfolded before my startled eyes, I became more and more nervously aware of my surroundings and every now and then would cast furtive glances out into the darkened hallway. As I read on for awhile, I became drowsy and dozed for perhaps half an hour. Suddenly I was awakened by a loud discordant crash on the piano downstairs. Sitting

upright in bed, I listened for some minutes too terrified to move. Someone was down there who had no right to be! The supposed ghost would strike a jumble of confused notes on the piano—then stop—then start again.

Finally curiosity surmounted my fear and I decided to investigate. Noiselessly I tiptoed to the door and peered out, listening. The sounds could be heard distinctly coming from the living-room. Groping about in the dark, I made my way to the stairway. The mysterious music had ceased for the moment. Waiting until it began again, I crept silently down the stairs to the door of the living-room.

Bravely, I reached up my hand, and switched on the light.

There—walking nonchalantly up and down the keys of the piano was my amazed pussycat obviously delighted yet a little surprised at the new sounds which it was producing.

My Scrapbook

by JUNE WALLIS, X H. ARTS

I found my old scrap book
One day on a shelf.
I found it all grimy
And on it an elf
Who opened the cover
And then said to me,
"Just look at how careless
You used to be."
And then when I looked
I found it was true;
The pages were sticky
Through use of much glue.
The pictures were crooked
And spotted and torn,



The cover was dirty
And very much worn.
But each little spot
Told a tale all its own;
I remember them all
Though older I've grown.
That silly old elf
Thought I would care
If my scrap book were torn
And showed signs of wear.
But I love that old book
And now every year
I glance o'er its pages
Filled with mem'ries so dear.

Wings of Death

by WALTER WHEELER, IX J

The night was dark and misty with a heavy canopy of dark storm clouds hovering above the Western Front. All was quiet except for the hoarse whispers of huddled figures at look-out posts; or now and then the low rumble of light artillery duels.

Suddenly, out of a cloud bank loomed an enemy bomber, with several light pursuit planes and fighters forming an escort and with many more bombers and fighters following the flagship. Excellent camouflage of dark gray paint hid the droning machines from sight. Already anti-aircraft batteries were roaring, machine guns were chattering and superior officers were barking brief commands to their men. One light pursuit plane came crashing to the ground with a disabled tail rudder. The giant bombers must be stopped at all costs or certain disaster would come to civilians in France and England!

French planes, hearing of the raid by communiqués, roared off from hidden airports "somewhere in France" to help bring down the enemy machines, but again the Germans slipped past the Maginot line's secondary defences. On and on they flew communicating with each other, ready to go into their dizzy dives and release their deadly bombs at the signal from their Flagship. As they neared the Strait of Dover the wind rose and for a moment several planes wavered in the sudden gust of wind.

The night gradually grew darker and, as the great grey monsters zoomed out over the foaming waters, six thousand feet below a loud crackling noise was heard followed by a terrific burst of radiant light. The pilots were temporarily blinded by the streak of lightning. Then the storm broke and sheets of rain came down in torrents. Most of the lighter planes had difficulty in keeping straight courses in the blinding flashes of lightning and the fury of the driving rain.

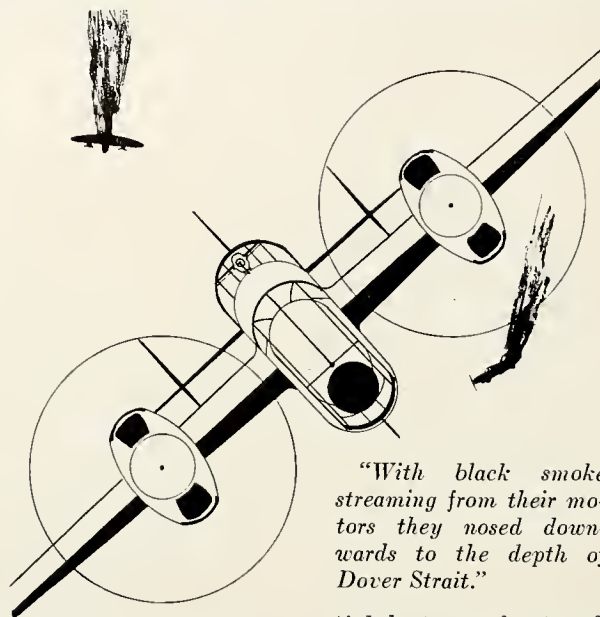
Suddenly one of the Fokkers, out of control, speared downwards to inevitable destruction, its delicate controls frozen by the electrical storm. A moment later an ear-splitting crash

was heard and the tail of another storm victim disappeared beneath the icy waters of the Strait.

After half an hour of "blind flying" in the storm, a squadron of British Aerial fighters were sighted approaching the mass of German invaders. When still out of accurate firing range the British planes swerved to the right of the oncoming machines as though re-

treating, after viewing the strength and number of the enemy's crafts; but as the German planes opened their throttles in full chase, the allied planes looped above, and dived directly down upon the astonished and surprised Nazis. The British machine guns were already spitting fire in the droning dive. A moment later the pilot of the German Flagship was critically wounded as he clutched feverishly at the controls of the careening bomber. The co-pilot yanked at the

stick but soon he, too, from loss of blood-slumped at the controls of the plane. At the same moment two light Fokkers and one pursuit plane, with



"With black smoke streaming from their motors they nosed downwards to the depth of Dover Strait."

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My Favourite Season

by ETHLWYN GIBSON, X A COM.

Of all the seasons in the year
Autumn to me is best.
It's nice to think the snow is near,
When trees have shed their dress.

I like to watch the birds fly south,
Red Robin and the rest.
And when the winds begin to blow,
Soon winter will be our "Guest."

I love to stand upon a hill
And watch the ground below;
It looks so peaceful and so still,
And forests seem to glow.

Autumn is a precious time,
A treasure from above,
And gives a cheery memory of
A season all can love.

The Valley

by GERALDINE MELTON, IX F

I think almost everyone enjoys a beautiful winter morning when everything with the newly fallen snow upon it twinkles and glistens with the first rays of the early morning sun.

When I look out of my bedroom window on a winter morning I can see the valley of Peterborough with the snow glistening on the roof tops, and from each chimney a faint line of blue smoke curling into the air, then fading away. I think a suitable name for this would

be "The valley of a thousand smokes."

As the day passes, things change. About four-thirty the sun that shone so brightly, is now sinking in the west and only faint mauves and pinks are to be seen. The white snow has now a purplish cast, with long blue shadows stretching here and there. The snow on the sidewalks is trampled down till it is slippery and so another day has passed in the city of Peterborough.

A Night At The Theatre

by JACK WILLIAMS, X AB IND. ARTS

Why I ever agreed to such an undertaking is beyond me. But I was finally dragged out of the house by my friend, Jim Simpson, away from a warm, cosy fire and a quiet evening at home. The object of the outing was a visit to the Uptown Theatre which rarely profited by one of my visits.

"It's the finest picture of the season," Jim related as we hailed a taxi. Whether it was or not I was not very joyful. One evening off a week and this was it. As we approached the theatre, I observed that the picture now playing was "Drums Along the Mohawk"—one of those rip roaring westerns that I detested. After getting out of the taxi, we engaged in the purchase of tickets. The ticket girl told us that the only seats left were in the back rows. Jim took the tickets and we walked in and dropped them in the box. The usher soon had us in our seats, and I was soon interested in the picture. Just as an exciting incident was going to happen a very stout woman came lumbering along and took the seat directly in front of me. Her hat resembled a skyscraper more than it did a hat. It completely blocked my view. "Why isn't there a law against such things?" I thought. Jim was enjoying the picture immensely, having only a small gentleman in front of him while I had to be content with leaning back and resting. Sud-

denly I had an inspiration. Maybe the lady would remove her hat if I asked her politely.

"Madam," I said sweetly, "would you mind removing your hat?" Her reply was "Such nerve!" I could not stand it any longer. I asked Jim if he would mind if I moved to another seat. He replied that it was all right with him. When I reached a suitable seat, the feature was half over. After enjoying the picture a few minutes more, a small boy laboriously chewing a wad of gum came in and sat beside me. The noise was enough to drown out the picture. And when he began to throw peanuts up and catch them in his mouth I nearly went wild. One peanut landed squarely on my head.

"What kind of a game are you playing, sonny?" I asked.

"Peanut game. Wanta play, mister?" he snapped back.

I was glad when I saw that the bag was nearly empty and once again I became interested in the picture. All of a sudden—Bang!! He had broken the peanut bag. This nearly threw me out of my seat. After I had recovered from this explosion, he began pulling another bag out of his pocket. He held it up in front of me. All of a sudden the bottom broke, and the contents came down on my new suit. It was a mixture of soft, sticky taffy and peanuts. A man can stand just so much. I immediately got up and took the seat

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- I WAS HOLDING AN OVERSIZED RABBIT -

SCHOOL NEWS

When the students obtain their copies of *The Echoes* which section will they turn to first? Perhaps it will be the Form News section, or the Humour section. But invariably the School News section is not the first their eager eyes will scan.

For the attending students, perhaps the School News section seems to lack interest, be-

cause they are well acquainted with the school activities; but for the Alumni of P.C.V.S., School News is the most interesting part of the book. In the reading of it, they are able to see what progress has been made in the forming of organizations, the success of our rugby, basket-ball, and baseball teams, and in the other phases of school life. The write-

ups of the Literary meetings, of the Commencement dance, and the photographs will recall fond memories of school days at P.C.V.S. Thus the School News section is the most important section of the magazine to the Alumni, and someday it will also gain importance in your eyes.

DOROTHY PARKHILL, *News Editor*

Their Majesties' Visit to Canada, May, 1939

Peterborough: An Historic Day

The day the King and Queen arrived in Canada His Majesty was to make a speech; and great was our delight when in morning assembly Dr. Kenner gave us permission to extend the noon hour to two o'clock. For some unforeseen reason, however, the speech, which was scheduled for 1.30 o'clock, was delayed and many uncertain students set out for school.

As I entered school, the continuous ringing of the telephone sounded on my ears. As I passed the office, I heard the secretary's somewhat weary voice replying, "Wait until the speech is over and then come to school."

There was a buzz of voices in the main entrance where some girls were gathered to shelter from the rain. Other students stood in a group at the corner across from Johnston's Electrical Store listening to the loud speaker by which we were to hear the first speech of His Majesty upon his arrival in Canada.

About two o'clock the organ music ceased and between the intermittent ringing of bicycle bells and the bang of fire-crackers contributed by the First Formers chiefly, we heard the Prime Minister's welcoming address. Then after a moment of suspense and silence, except for the sound of the rain-drops, His Majesty spoke and

even the most mischievous boys were quiet and a subdued group heard the speech.

Later, rather unwillingly, we returned to classes, but the teachers had a difficult task because of wandering minds; so school was dismissed early. Hip hurray! D.P.

Ottawa: Trooping The Colours

Now that the pageant is over, one recalls with delight the sounds of blaring bugles, the trampling of the proud Royal Canadian Dragoons, the cheering, and above all our handsome King and gracious Queen.

Ottawa seemed to change overnight, from the prim and sedate Canadian capital to a make-believe city. Rows of brightly coloured banners and flags decorated the broad front of the Parliament Buildings. About eight o'clock the members of the Air Force, who were acting as a guard of honour, began to fall into position. At nine the streets were a mass of excited people, anxiously waiting for a single glance at their king.

From our windows in the Parliament Buildings, we could see distinguished guests arriving for "The Trooping of the Colours." Statesmen, famed soldiers, beautiful women, and the humblest subjects, had

Kingston: A Single Hour

The great day had arrived—the day on which the King and Queen were to visit Kingston! Earlier in the week we had been somewhat disappointed by the announcement (made necessary by the far distant ice and fog of the North Atlantic) that Their Majesties' visit was to be shortened to about an hour and a half. But our spirits soon rose again and we set out almost as joyously as if there had been no change in plans.

Upon arriving in Kingston we found that a vantage point had been reserved for us on the roof of a store. Without worry in that regard we were free to enjoy the day in touring the city. Thousands of flags bedecked the city hall and both public and private buildings. During the afternoon my mother had the privilege of seeing and actually touching the Queen's bouquet of orchids and lily-of-the-valley.

About seven o'clock we set out to take up our post where we would wait to see the King and Queen. Even then the soldiers, among them the Prince of Wales Rangers from Peterborough, were falling in line along Pine Street.

The first herald of the royal guests' arrival was the sound

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Toronto: With the Scout Special

On May 22, 1939, their Royal Majesties paid a visit to the City of Toronto, and on that same day the up and coming generation of Peterborough visited that same metropolis.

It was a cold, raw day when the Scout Special drew out of the station, and headed for Toronto by way of Lindsay and Agincourt. Everybody was in high spirits, even the engine forgot its troubles, and whistled cheerfully as it pulled its load of happy occupants towards the Queen City. We just got past Jackson's Park when someone enquired, "How far have we got to go now?" and this kept up every few minutes during the whole of the four-hour trip. Between stops we all sang songs, counted telegraph poles, and even ate our lunch earlier than usual to make the time pass quickly. Finally the train arrived at Exhibition Station and from here we marched to our reserved section on the waterfront where we shivered, in our bare knees, with the thousand and one other Scouts from all over Central Ontario.

We didn't have to wait long for our big thrill, for scarcely three-quarters of an hour had passed before the sound of cheering reached our ears. In a few minutes the Royal Couple arrived, escorted by motor-cycle police, and a guard of honour composed of the Royal Canadians Dragoons. Our hearts swelled with pride when first the King saluted us, and then the Queen waved and smiled in our direction. All too quickly they passed from view, and we were left with only a fond memory, and a few sore throats.

We marched back to the station, and there had to wait three long hours before our train pulled in, in the meantime sustaining ourselves by eating. We ate everything we saw! We cleaned the vendors out a couple of times, and then

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(Courtesy of Canadian National Railways)

Their Majesties leaving the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, after the great ceremony of granting in person the Royal Assent.

Toronto: Glimpse Through A Camera

Last May an important page was written in the annals of Canadian history. An event which has not been paralleled, occurred in May 1939 when the King and Queen of the British Empire visited this Dominion.

When the Royal Couple were to appear in Toronto, groups of school children and students from the surrounding country travelled by train to see their King and Queen.

Let us follow the adventures of one happy and excited girl, her departure from Peterborough, and subsequent happenings until her return:

"Well, is everything ready? Which group are you in, Dot? Six? Too bad. I'm in nine, or is it six, these numbers are always mixed — doesn't make much difference, we can get together anyway.

"We're off! If what they say is true we're going to have a swell time exercising our limbs. Here, sit with me and we can talk. Yes, I brought my camera along, thought perhaps I might get a picture of Their Majesties. Won't likely get a peek at them but where there's life, there's hope, and I'll be able at least to get a picture of the guards.

"I wonder if the Queen will be as beautiful, or the King as stately, as their pictures portray them. So much comment on her clothes, I am anxious to see what she will wear. Do you suppose we'll be able to see them? The crowds will be terrific. I'm so glad there are no stops on the way, seems to shorten the trip. Guess we had better get ready, we will soon

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Glimpse Through A Camera

(Continued from Page 37)

be in Toronto. Don't forget your lunch, must fortify the inner woman when we arrive.

"Well, here it is! Oh look, the station is decorated! Here stand beside me and we can march together. Look, we are entering the Exhibition Grounds! There is the lake front. I guess we're supposed to stand here. Wonder how long we will have to wait. Of course we can always look at the scenery, though very little to see to-day it's so misty. Thrills! There's a Mounty. Wait now, hold still till I get your physiog. Oh it's spoiled. I never could take pictures. He'll likely be stand-

ing on his head with the Communications Building in the palm of his hand when it is developed.

"Say, we've been standing here for two hours. When do you think they are going to appear? Wait! there's a commotion. HERE THEY COME! Dot, stop pushing, I'm in the gutter as it is. Know you can't help it, but neither can I look my best up to my ankles in water. They won't even see me, but I can dream, can't I? Hold still, want to get a picture. Can't seem to get their car in focus. Oh, how beautiful her colouring, how gracious her smile! Isn't she exquisite? And he is so kingly! Dear! they've passed and I only got a glimpse of them through my camera. They truly exemplify the

old saying 'Worth waiting for.' Well, now we can have our lunch and get back to the train.

"Here we are homeward bound. Goodness I'm tired. Are you going to sleep? Don't think I will yet—Hey, Dot, you were snoring. So help me, you were, and by the look of the others we are all a little on the weary side. I rather feel like the last rose of summer along with the proverbial bug, myself. Hohum, I certainly am sleepy. Wait, guess we are getting in. Two o'clock and I'm practically dead on my feet. Suppose we won't be required to go to school tomorrow as some of the other trains have not come in yet. Well, good-night, or better, good morning and pleasant dreams."—C.N.

The Lits

All the school activities stepped into a back seat on Thursday, November 23rd, and the upper and middle school turned out in full to the first Literary Meeting of the school term given by Forms V A, IV B, and XI A. Academic. The programme presented was one of varied and humorous musical numbers and recitations. Rheumatiz portraying our aged relatives was most outstanding.

The second Lit on Wednesday, January 10th, was presented by Forms V B, IV A and XI B Academic. In nineteen hilarious scenes it told the complete story of The Rise and Fall of One Adolf Hitler. Among the most memorable were those that follow:

Adolf, dashing young artist, peddles his postcards to the chorus girls at the stage door.

Hitler's magic power over his people is represented in a scene where he appears as a turbaned snake-charmer with his snakes.

Goebbels and Goering enter the scene when a plot to burn the Reichstag is planned. When it hatches, they lay the blame on the Communists. A half-witted Dutchman, like Mortimer Snurd, is brought before the court, and the question is fired, "Where were you on the night of the fire?" Unprepared for what is to follow, he answers "I was—um—I was asleep." "Asleep! Look at him. He hasn't slept for days!" So he is led away and huge black

shadows reveal the horrible fate of this innocent victim.

Hitler divides up Poland with Stalin in an ingenious manner—by carving up the map of Poland with O's and X's.

Next we have the Munich Beer Garden explosion with the villain planting a bomb, in full view of the audience, beneath the Fuehrer's chair and then borrowing from the victim a match wherewith to light it. Unluckily Hitler goes off in search of a slow waiter.

And now Hitler roars forth his last speech (the only one he has used throughout the play) while his supporters drift lazily out, leaving the dictator babbling about his masterpiece, his "Study in White".

Enter the Redcoats, (to the tune of Britannia Rules the Waves) led by Mr. Chamberlain complete with coat-tails and umbrella.

Last scene of all, Herr Hitler high on a stepladder, swabbing the back wall of the stage.





Quality Street

Front Row: School Children (E. Seymour, R. Sanderson, B. Quinn, J. Ferguson, J. Leslie, P. Conway, L. Doughty, J. Killingbeck, I. Dayman, M. Metcalfe, L. Groombridge, A. Turner, H. Bedford).
 Middle Row: William Smith, a bad boy (R. Green); Dancers at the ball (B. Newman, J. Pitchford, H. Wright); Patty, maid to the Throssels, (R. Telford); Miss Susan Throssel (I. Michaud); Miss Phoebe Throssel (R. McNeely); Miss Mary Willoughby (M. Gertley); Harriet (N. Gray); Miss Henrietta Turnbull (M. Casey); Miss Fanny Willoughby (F. Gishman); Charlotte Parratt, (C. Nicholson).
 Back Row: Dancers at the ball (B. Hamilton, J. Wray, A. Scott); An Old Soldier (G. Lupton); Valentine Brown (K. Brown); Lieutenant Spicer (B. Carley); Ensign Blades (R. Hudson); A Recruiting Sergeant (B. Crocker); Directors (Miss M. White, Mr. R. L. Hale); Prompter (J. Burrows).

We Saw the Play!

When it was announced that the Dramatic Club had chosen the well-known "Quality Street" for the annual school play, we simply raised our eyebrows, tucked our collective tongue in our collective cheek, and said: Hmmm . . . !" After all, we had seen the moving picture, and read the play. Could the Dramatic Club possibly live up to the movie? Well, "Hmmm," we said.

But we saw the play, and were we surprised! We saw well chosen scenery (remember the Blue and White Room?), beautifully matched period furniture, pretty, colourful, and (please note) well-fitting costumes, to say nothing of the acting! We heard every word of the play, and we marvelled at the superb acting turned in by the students we all know.

We gasped with delight at petite Ruth McNeely in a sparkling white satin wedding dress, and we mentally awarded orchids to Irene Michaud as "dear Aunt Susan" and Ruth Telford as the maid, who reaped their share of the laughs. Dashing Ken Brown made a doubly dashing "Valen-

tine Brown". Roy "Apple-cheeks" Hudson and Bob Carley made worthy suitors for the hand of "Miss Phoebe", while Margaret Gertley, Marie Casey and Fanny Gishman tiptoed nimbly on and off-stage as the three prying old maids.

Altogether, the play was a whirlwind success! We saw it Thursday and heard it was even better Friday. Now we have our collective hat off to the Dramatic Club, and we have ordered three lusty cheers for Miss White and Mr. Hale who helped so well.

Yes, we saw the play, and we feel sorry for anyone who didn't.

Heard at the Play

Phoebe: I should love, sir, to inspire frenzy in the breast of the male.

Susan: Oh that weary Latin! I wish I had the whipping of the man who invented it.

Valentine Brown: Be off with you, apple cheeks.

Patty: Ma'am, I ha' been looking out at windows waiting for him to oblige by turning the corner this fifteen years.

Ensign Blades: I — Charlotte, explain!

Lieut. Spicer: May I stand beside you, Miss Susan?

Isabella: Please, ma'am father wishes me to acquire Algebra.

Charlotte: My chest is weak, I shall sit among the dew.

The Dramatic Club

Last fall the P.C.V.S. Dramatic Club was launched on its second year of existence, with over forty members. The officers for the 1939-40 season are:

President—Bob Crocker.

Vice President—Betty Allen.

Secretary—Bernice Greatrix.

As during last year, regular meetings were restricted mainly to the pre-Christmas season, the school play getting under way at the beginning of January. The meetings were supervised by Mr. Hale, who instructed the clubs in dramatics. One meeting was given over to Miss Hicks for a very interesting demonstration in stage make-up.

However, this year we also decided to proceed with the more practical business of producing shorter plays. The first of these, "Refund" by Fritz Karinthy, was presented at Commencement, being the first time the club has taken part in that event. Later, a short skit entitled "Catharine Parr" was produced for morning entertainment, using the loud-speaker. It is hoped that in the near future we shall also present a one-act play "Vacuum," written for us by Hugh Kenner.



Scholarship and Prize Winners

ROBERT GRAHAM—First Nicholls Scholarship, Form V Ac.

EILEEN SELLON—Second Nicholls Scholarship, Form V Ac.

Upper School French Prose Prize.

Upper School Latin Prize.

WILLIAM HENRY—First Nicholls Scholarship, Form IV Ac.

DONALD WARNE—Second Nicholls Scholarship, Form IV Ac.

HUGH KENNER—First Nicholls Scholarship, Form III Ac.

NORMA TIMLIN—Second Nicholls Scholarship, Form III Ac.

Peter Robinson Chapter I.O.D.E. Canadian History Prize.

NORMA ELCOMBE—First Nicholls Scholarship, Grade X Ac.

MARGARET LANGLEY — Second Nicholls Scholarship, Grade X Ac.

ALVIN BOYD—First Nicholls Scholarship, Grade IX A, B, C, D.

JOHN DINSDALE—Second Nicholls Scholarship, Grade IX, A, B, C, D.

JAMES DAVIDSON—Middle School French Prose Prize.

ROBERT FERGUSON—Upper School Greek Prize.

(Third Row)

ELIZABETH LILLICO—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Special Commercial.

VERNA ALLEN—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Special Commercial.

CATHARINE WHITE—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III Com.

GOLDIE TULLY—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III Com.

Edith Murphy Memorial Scholarship in English, Commercial Department.

SADIE ANDERSON—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X Com.

Peter Robinson Chapter I.O.D.E. Canadian History Prize.

FANNY GISHMAN—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X Com.

JAMES HOOPER—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade IX E, F, G.

NANCY MOORE—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade IX E, F, G.

BETTY JARY—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III H. Arts.

IRIS WHALON—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III H. Arts.

BEVERLEY WHITE—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X H. Arts.

MARGARET GERTLEY—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X H. Arts.

Peter Robinson Chapter I.O.D.E. Canadian History Prize.

JAMES SANDS—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III Ind. Arts.

HUGH McFARLANE—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Form III Ind. Arts.

OATWAY MARGUERATT—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X Ind. Arts.

KENNETH KING—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade X Ind. Arts.

HAROLD MATHER—First W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade IX H, I, J.

EVELYNE MARTIN—Second W. G. Morrow Scholarship, Grade IX H, I, J.

Allan Park

James Harris Scholarship in Greek and Latin, Toronto University.

Edith Murphy Memorial Scholarship in English, Academic Department.

Barbara Richardson

1939-40—**Principes Alumna**

Social Committee.

1938-39—Secretary of the Girls' Athletic Association.

Throughout her years in P.C.V.S. Barbara has shown keen interest in sports, especially interform sports. She has been captain of volley ball, basket ball, and baseball teams. This interest was rewarded when she was elected Secretary of the G.A.A. Barb has always been a staunch supporter of other school activities. She fully deserves the honour of being **Principes Alumna**.

James Lillico

1939-40—**Principes Alumnus**

B.A.A. Representative for VA; Form Representative for VA; Form Reporter for *The Echoes*; Art Staff of *The Echoes*; Orchestra; Major Headquarters Company; Signalling Instructor; President of the Officers' Mess; Representative to O.A.C. Camp, Lake Couchiching.

1938-39 Form Reporter of *The Echoes*; *The Echoes*' Art Staff; Wrote School Song; Orchestra; Signalling Instructor; Cadet Major.

1937-38 Art Staff of *The Echoes*; Cadet Captain; Orchestra.

1934-35, 1935-36, 1936-37 Orchestra and Cadets.

Allan Park



Barbara Richardson



James Lillico





Students' Council

First Row: J. Prophet, S. Richardson, J. Harvey, Mr. Graham, R. Borland, Mr. Corneil, K. King, S. Boorman.

Second Row: K. Fanning, M. Barrie, J. Johnston, M. Grose, B. Garner, H. Kenner, B. Crocker, E. Borland, G. Lush,

Third Row: F. Garner, S. Leith, A. Bunnell, R. Blackwell, J. Wray, K. Hotrum, W. Westman.

Fourth Row: C. Lewis, A. Travis, A. Armstrong, B. Scott, A. Hatton, B. Williams.

The At Home

'Tis said that never before have such beautifully gowned Cinderellas and handsome Prince Charmings attended this, our annual ball, held on the twenty-seventh of December. Every colour of the rainbow was depicted in some fashion of grandmother's day or in the latest parisian models.

The city's King of Swing, Mose Yokum, provided melodious airs for some seven hundred dancers, students and ex-students of P.C.I.

Multi-coloured signatures were painted here, there, and everywhere about the walls of the gym. This original idea was given by Bob Garner, and skillfully carried out by the decorating committee. Finding your name was almost like looking for a needle in a hay-stack, but the search was a lot of fun, anyway. The garnet and grey theme was carried out in the streamers spread across the

ceiling and in the silver band-shell.

Catering was done by Messrs. Hooper and Sons, capably assisted by Household Arts Grade X, acting as waitresses.

An orchid to those who were responsible for this year's At Home being such a complete success.

Commencement Dance

Friday, December first, marked an evening of gaiety in the P.C.I. gym. Here the graduates and students danced to the rhythm of Stan Northrop's orchestra; with Bob Graham tooting his sax again, and Bill Davidson, the one-man reception committee, it seemed like old times. The band stand was beautifully decorated by the Social Committee (who were in complete charge of the evening's doings). The Commencement Dance boasted—of all things—a floor show! Starring were Mr. R. W. Eagleton, an

accomplished harmonica and castanet performer, Leone Comstock who gave a much appreciated toe-dance; Olga Westbye singing "Over the Rainbow" in a way that compared favourably with the professional movie rendition; and Jean Miller of Lakefield who sang and danced most acceptably.

Refreshments were served to all the happy throng at the end of a perfect evening.

Staff Tea

On Friday, December first, at the completion of the Commencement Exercises, the graduates, their parents and friends were welcomed in the gymnasium by the staff. All in attendance were regaled with hot tea and tempting dainties, such as petite sandwiches, delectable lemon drops, and fluffy cakes, prepared by the accomplished cooks of the Household Arts Classes.

The Camera Club

This year we have had very fine attendance records at most of the meetings. The Club has been divided into two groups, the Juniors and the Seniors. These groups meet on alternate Wednesdays, the Juniors taking the elementary steps of photography and the Seniors doing more advanced work.

The members of the Camera Club have been very active this year. A number of them have had work displayed in the Club show-case beside the Assembly Hall door.

During the Autumn a Camera Club hike was held which was well attended. Despite the strong wind and frequent disappearance of the sun behind clouds, several of the members made fine shots of Jackson Park bridge.

As usual, the Club handled the selling of the school Christmas cards.

During the Autumn several pictures of Grades IX, X and XI were taken and it is expected that more will be taken in the spring. Our large five-by-seven inch plate camera is equipped with a new Tessar lens, one of the best which can be bought. The use of this lens insures sharpness over the whole picture area, even to the extreme edges.

The individual pictures of the scholarship winners in *The*

Echoes this year, were taken by the Camera Club.

During the year we have added several items to our equipment. Among these are: a Kalart synchronizer for flash shots of action, an F-R roll-developing tank, two chromium plates for giving a shiny finish to prints and two devices for

insuring sharp focusing with the enlarger and the Recomar cameras.

On behalf of the members of the Camera Club, I would like to thank Mr. V. R. Henry, whose work has made possible the existence and success of the Camera Club. J.T.



Back Row: Mr. V. R. Henry (Honorary President), W. Hanbidge, R. Kay, D. Warne, W. Gamble, R. Crocker.
Front Row: M. Langley (Vice-President), J. Thompson (Secretary), Hugh Kenner (President), Gwen Record, Barrie Jack (Treasurer).

Miss Irma Wright

She came, she typed, she left us spell-bound. In January members of the commercial classes were privileged spectators of a demonstration of typing by Miss Irma Wright of the Underwood - Elliot - Fisher Co. Ltd. For three quarters of an hour the students gazed in open-mouthed wonderment as her skilled fingers skimmed gracefully over the keys at a rate of more than one hundred

and thirty words a minute. The perfect coordination between brain and fingers, exemplified by her typing bespoke hours of persevering practice and a comprehensive study of her art. Though all of us who watched her cannot become World Champion Amateur Typist, as Miss Wright has, (some of us may not even surpass mediocrity) we were inspired to a more vigorous and scientific study.

The President At Work

by DONALD WARNE, V A AC.



Canada Packers

This year once again the Canada Packers Ltd. sponsored a contest for the benefit of Grade XI Commercial and Special Commercial. On March 14, Mr. George Batley, representing his firm, awarded first, second, and third prizes to Miss Edna Borland, Austin Haig, and Donald Metheral respectively.

Dr. Kenner expressed the gratitude which we all sincerely felt towards Canada Packers for giving the students an opportunity of gaining practical experience in the Art of advertising. (See Inside Front Cover)



The Glee Club

Front Row: M. Braeley, J. Hutton, M. Hughes, D. Franks (Secretary), Miss Weddell, M. Gertley (President), A. De Carlo, L. Caddigan, E. Gibson.
 Second Row: G. Record, I. Johnston, D. Preston, M. Brackenridge, T. Howell, F. Bozer, A. Armstrong, M. Bolton, A. Chase, J. Brown, M. Adams.
 Third Row: J. Brewer, M. Ackison, J. Bell, A. Connell, T. Zavitz (Pianist), R. Sage, M. Sloane, B. Williams, S. Anderson, D. Mahood, M. Samis.
 Fourth Row: P. Allen, M. Chester, J. Moncrief, H. Moncrief, B. Stewart, A. Britnell, E. Haddow, P. Trethewey, J. Samis.

Again we are nearing the completion of another school year in which the P.C.V.S. Girls' Glee Club have played their part successfully. This year the club has numbered about thirty girls who have met once a week under the capable leadership of Miss Weddell. The executive affairs of the group are under the guidance of a competent president, Margaret Gertley, sec-

retary, Dorothy B. Franks, and marshall, Margaret Hughes.

The girls made their first public appearance at Commencement where they sang two numbers "Sicilian Night" and "On the Banks of Allen Water." Twice they have sung folk-songs in the morning assemblies. A week before Christmas, the Glee Club led the morning assembly in the singing of Christmas Carols.

During an intermission of Quality Street, Miss Wed-

dell's Glee Club delighted the audience with two charming Old English selections, "Now is the Month of Maying," and "Where the Bee Sucks." For an encore they sang the rollicking and tuneful "Charlie is My Darling."

After this performance, the girls in the Glee Club presented their lovely instructress with a colourful bouquet of spring flowers, showing their keen appreciation of her work with them.

Ottawa

(Continued from Page 36)

gathered here to see this ancient ceremony. Suddenly cheers rang through the air, and there! there was the Queen, lovely beyond words! She drove with Lady Tweedsmuir to the opposite building, where she too could watch the King review his soldiers.

The King arrived to roaring cheers. He smiled proudly at his soldiers and he looked so

handsome in his uniform, that one just had to gasp! As he stepped from his carriage the Grenadiers' Band played the National Anthem, while the King took the salute. It was all so impressive, soldiers in their Stuart red tunics with gold trimmings, topped with famous black busbies. They paraded to the well-known "Grenadiers' March" played for centuries in this ancient ceremony.

What a glorious day! The

sun shone on the great crown hoisted on the entrance door of the Parliament Buildings. In the tower the bells softly tolled out "O Canada". Then trumpets sounded and the trample of horses' hoofs echoed around this square massed with cheering people! Above all this uproar, Canada's Big Ben rang out twelve bells. He, perched high-up over this fair city, had witnessed another glorious page in history.—M.S.



The Orchestra

Front Row: D. Flett, R. Sutcliffe, E. Doyle, J. Moore, E. Chambers, J. Prophet, S. Ashby, P. Tretheway, E. Parr.

Second Row: D. Graham, J. Paterson, J. Chambers, J. Parr, J. Lillico, C. Jack, C. Coones.

Third Row: D. Ford, K. Mills, Mr. A. J. Weames, J. Taylor, W. Parnell.

Members of the orchestra have graduated from our ranks and other musicians have taken their places. Pleasant is the effect of having two cellos, one trombone, one melaphone and one violin added to our number.

The orchestra has assisted at the following functions: Armistice Service, Commencement Exercises, Literary Meetings,

and morning assemblies. The orchestra is rehearsing for the presentation of the play "Quality Street" by Sir James M. Barrie. It will play the beautiful Blue Danube and The Emperor Waltzes by Strauss, and Amaryllis by Henri Ghys.

Four of the members, Janet Prophet, Davis Graham, Jim Lillico, and Don Ford, will have

the opportunity of playing in the Ontario Education Association High School Orchestra on March 27, in Toronto.

We should like to take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation to our conductor, Mr. A. J. Weames, B. Sc., for his fine services, and to the Students' Council for their welcome financial support.

Commencement Exercises

The P.C.V.S. Commencement Exercises were held on December first with Mrs. W. R. Morris presiding.

The school orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club contributed greatly to the programme.

The graduation diplomas were presented by members of the staff.

The Rev. Father P. J. Kelly gave an inspiring and humorous address to the graduates. In it he advised the students to develop strong character and to preserve their intellectual tastes.

The Nicholls and Morrow

Scholarships were then presented to the successful students.

Dr. A. Moir presented the Edith Murphy Memorial Scholarships to Allan Park and Goldie Tully.

A splendid valedictory address was read by Robert Graham, now of McMaster University.

The Neal Football Trophy was presented by Dr. F. C. Neal to Bill Harle, captain of this year's senior team.

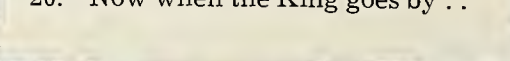
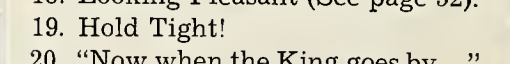
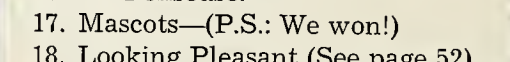
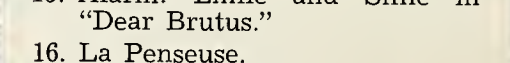
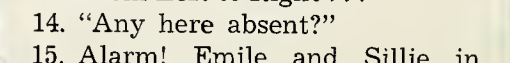
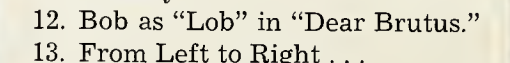
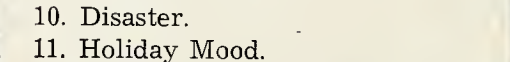
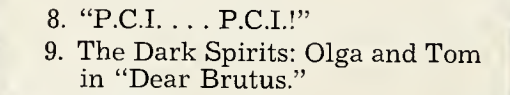
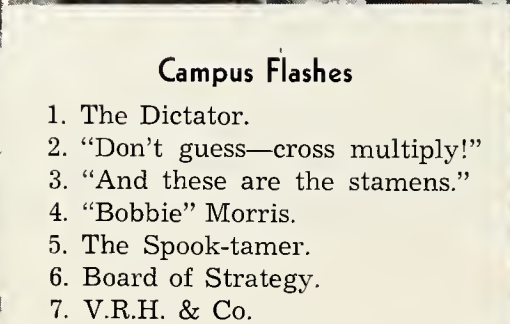
Norma Timlin, Sadie Anderson, and Margaret Gertley received the Peter Robinson

Chapter I.O.D.E. History Prizes.

Eileen Sellon and James Davidson received the French Prose Prizes. Robert Ferguson won the Greek Prize and Eileen Sellon the Upper School Latin Prize.

After long suspense Dr. Kenner announced the names of the Princess Alumna and the Princess Alumnus. Barbara Richardson and James Lillico merited these high honours.

The exercises were ended with "Refund," a farce-comedy presented by the Dramatic Club.



Campus Flashes

1. The Dictator.
2. "Don't guess—cross multiply!"
3. "And these are the stamens."
4. "Bobbie" Morris.
5. The Spook-tamer.
6. Board of Strategy.
7. V.R.H. & Co.
8. "P.C.I. . . . P.C.I.!"
9. The Dark Spirits: Olga and Tom in "Dear Brutus."
10. Disaster.
11. Holiday Mood.
12. Bob as "Lob" in "Dear Brutus."
13. From Left to Right . . .
14. "Any here absent?"
15. Alarm! Emile and Sillie in "Dear Brutus."
16. La Penseuse.
17. Mascots—(P.S.: We won!)
18. Looking Pleasant (See page 52).
19. Hold Tight!
20. "Now when the King goes by . . ."

The Cadet Corps

The Corps was inspected on May the twelfth by Captain Millette and Lieutenant-Colonel Hicks-Lyne. Donald Duncan was Officer Commanding, James Harvey second-in-command. Philip Turner, Bill Ferguson, Rae Borland, Norman Chate, and James Lillico, commanded A, B, C, D, and Headquarters companies respectively. D company won the I.O.D.E. shield.

James Lillico took charge of the signalling unit and Warren Gamble, who attained the medallion award, commanded the First Aid Corps.

The Bugle Band will have some new selections this year.

Leslie Graham replaces Earl Gibson as Drum Major.

The D.C.R.A. shooting team did well, scoring ninety-seven per cent. Keith Kidd was honoured for a perfect score in the Youth of the Empire Match. Several cadets won Dominion Marksman pins; three won the highest award, the gold ring.

There were several mess meetings during the year. A successful dance was held last May the nineteenth and a delightful picnic took place at South Beach, on June the tenth.

Sergeant-Major Frape, D.C.M., gave a great deal of time to supervising the shooting teams and officers' training course. —

J. HARVEY. (*Major*)

Toronto: With Scout Special

(Continued from Page 37)

we ran out of money. To fill in more time we collected autographs from the pretty girls on the platform, and sang any song that happened to come into our heads. After we had boarded our train, and reclined lazily on our seats we began to feel how tired we really were. One by one we dropped off to sleep on the luggage racks, and cushioned seats, while those who wanted more room sprawled on the floor and slept, (when the conductor or some other unwary individual didn't trip over them) quite peacefully. Finally we arrived in town, three-thirty to be exact, and then, as the sun's rays appeared above the house-tops, home to a soft, comfortable bed after a tiring, but very enjoyable day. D.M.

Cadet Officers

Front Row: W. Gamble, J. Parr, J. Harvey, Mr. H. A. Craig, J. Lillico, B. Jack, D. Duncan.

Second Row: Emile Armstrong, J. Sackville, R. Reed, W. Hall, D. Moore, D. Metherald, W. Cuppy, A. Van Allen, G. Patterson.

Third Row: S. Saunders, K. Sproule, G. Mackay, T. Lillico, L. Routly, A. Black, Earle Armstrong.



Academic

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO:

Noel Barr (*Mechanical Engineering*)
 Garth Cowan (*Fine Arts*)
 William Davidson (*Pass Arts*)
 Robert Ferguson (*English Language and Literature*)
 James Hall (*Pass Arts*)
 Robert Hamilton (*Commerce and Finance*)
 Thomas Hooper (*Pass Arts*)
 Allan Park (*English Language and Literature*)
 Ruth Robinson (*Psychology*)

McGILL UNIVERSITY:

Jack Craig (*Medical Science*)
 Donald Diplock (*Commerce and Finance*)

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, N.H.:

Harlow Cutting (*Under Graduate Course*)

PETERBOROUGH NORMAL SCHOOL:

Glen Allen, Helen Latimer, Corona Hanbidge,
 Yvonne Quirt, Eileen Sellon, Audrey Timlin,
 Olga Wilson, Isabel Wray.

OTHER COURSES:

William Green (*Norwood High School*)
 Robert Ingram (*O.A.C., Guelph*)
 Jean Moore (*Peterborough Business College*)
 Joan Ottewell (*Margaret Eaton School*)
 Mary Paterson (*Macdonald Hall*)
 Sherry Reynolds (*Malvern Collegiate*)
 Mary Richardson (*St. Clement's School*)
 Jane Turner (*Macdonald Hall*)
 Harvard White (*Aviation Course in Ohio*)

IN TRAINING:

Willene Miller (*Nicholls Hospital, Peterborough*)
 Linden Reed (*Wellesley Hospital, Toronto*)
 Mildred Rowan (*Kingston General Hospital*)
 Dorothy Smith
 Merrill Smith (*Wellesley Hospital, Toronto*)
 Patricia Thompson (*Nicholls Hospital, Peterborough*)
 Doreen Wallis (*Nicholls Hospital, Peterborough*)

IN BUSINESS:

William Buckham (*Farming*)
 Warring Clarke (*Box Factory, London*)
 Margaret Foster (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)

Kenneth Gillespie (*Quaker Oats Company*)
 Don Hill (*Canada Packers Co. Limited*)
 Albert Leether (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Helen Miller (*Roy Studio*)
 Robert Sharp (*Bank, Kirkland Lake*)
 George Smedmor (*Millard Sporting Goods*)
 George Spicer (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Warren Trotter (*Drafting Apprentice, Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Ernest Ward (*Jopling's Meat Market*)

OCCUPATION UNKNOWN:

Arthur Geraghty, Floyd Loft, Mary Roche,
 Henry Sharp, Robert Young.

Commercial

Wallace Agnew (*Brinton - Peterborough Carpet Co.*)
 Verna Allen (*Hall, Hall, and Weldon*)
 Eunice Armstrong (*Western Clock Co.*)
 Jack Arundel (*Coca-Cola Co. of Canada Ltd.*)
 Margaret Baird (*Hubert Chown Hardware*)
 Kenneth Bolam (*Dominion Woollens & Worsteds Ltd.*)
 Doris Bradley (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Shirley Brown (*Kingan Hardware Co.*)
 Rosamund Burns (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Harold Campbell (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Jean Carter (*Western Clock Co.*)
 David Chamberlain (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Grattan Dundas (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 George Easton (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Jean Elcombe (*City Engineer's Office*)
 Norma Fee (*H. T. Boyle Co. Ltd.*)
 Alice Gallagher (*Dominion Woollens & Worsteds Ltd.*)
 Dorothy Gibbs (*Western Clock Co.*)
 Kenneth Hanbidge (*G. Whitaker & Co. Ltd.*)
 Violet Hobson (*Dominion Woollens & Worsteds Ltd.*)
 Gordon Jamieson (*Canadian Ventilating Shades Ltd.*)
 Marjorie Lewis (*J. J. Turner & Sons Ltd.*)
 Elizabeth Lillico (*McCannan Electrical Sales*)

Margaret Loudon (*Business College*)
 William Millar (*Scarfe's Paint Store*)
 Barbara Miller (*Canadian General Electric Co.*)
 Walter Packer (*Canadian Raybestos Co. Ltd.*)
 Guy Pettersone (*Western Clock Co.*)
 Irene Poolman (*De Laval Co. Ltd.*)
 Gordon Robinson (*Brinton - Peterborough Carpet Co.*)
 Jack Ryan (*Canadian Ventilating Shades Ltd.*)
 Doris Savigny (*Canadian Bank of Commerce*)
 Zoe Stayzer (*Nurse-in-training*)
 Hazelle Tighe (*Western Clock Co.*)
 Lenore Tinker (*H. R. Scott Ltd.*)
 Goldie Tully (*York Trading Co. Ltd.*)
 Moira Whalon (*Toronto Savings & Loan Co.*)
 Betty White (*Civil Services Dept. of National Defence, Ottawa*)
 Catherine White (*Standard Medical & Surgical Clinic*)
 Dorothy White (*Colonial Weaving Co.*)
 Gwen Woodcock (*Peterborough Printing Co. Ltd.*)
 Isabell Young (*Western Clock Co.*)

AT SCHOOL:

John Bannister, Elsbeth Boorman, Alice Kay, Ethel O'Toole.

NO RECORD OF OCCUPATION:

Clayton Andrew, Evelyn Beatty, Leona Edwards, Irene Forsythe, Margaret Grahame, William Griffith, Janet Kearns, Ruth Kingan, Elizabeth Kirn, Frances Latimer, Debra Longmuir, Clarence Tully, Mona Seney, Frances Wilkinson.

Household Arts Graduates

Ruth Beatty (*At home*)
 Gladys Brock (*House-keeper for Miss Howson*)
 Evelyn Hill (*Special Commercial*)
 Queenie Holden (*At home*)
 Betty Jary (*Special in Household Arts*)
 Eileen Jeffries (*At home*)
 Beryl Johnston (*At home*)
 Orma Lacheur (*At home*)
 Evelyn Nelson (*Dress-making in Keene*)
 Margaret Russell (*No record of occupation*)
 Hazel Telford (*At home*)
 Iris Whalon (*At home*)
 Elizabeth Whaley (*At home*)

Industrial Arts Graduates

C.G.E. CO.:

Harold Brumwell, Ronald Burgess, Daniel Collins, Lewellyn Evans, Fred Gall, Carl Grose, Keith Harrison, Hugh Heslip, Arthur Morley, Edward Panter, Bernard Rose, Kenneth Rose, Victor Walling, George Watson.

OTHER OCCUPATIONS:

Melville Andrus (*Westclox*)
 Earl Bolton (*Farming*)
 Errol Hoffman (*Attending school in Havlock*)
 Hugh McFarlane (*Lillico Motors*)
 Thomas McNeil (*At home*)
 Norman Millen (*Westclox*)
 Donald Seabrooke (*At home*)
 Kenneth Tully (*At home*)
 Kenneth Turnbull (*At home*)
 Murray Whetung (*At home*)
 Robert Whiteside (*Miller-Powell*)

On Active Service

The Echoes is proud to publish the names of Alumni now on Active Service. We are aware that there are omissions and inaccuracies. *The Echoes* plans to continue this record throughout the war, and would be very grateful for information concerning either new enlistments or corrections in the list as published.

Killed In Action:

Russel Barton, Royal Air Force.

Army:

Candian Dental Corps: Dr. Wilfred Preston, Alfred Pink, Keith Braund.

Edmonton 49th Regiment:
 James Rogers.

Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment: Ronald Benniworth, Lionel Sorby, Bill Gray, Jack Perry, Donald McPherson, Ross Davidson.

Lindsay 45th Field Battery:
 John Callaghan, Bill Martin, Chris Mason.

Ontario Tank Regiment: Frank Thompson, Gordon Huggins.

48th Highlanders: Albert Clark, Jack Brown, Archie Brown.

Searchlight Regiment. 75 Middlesex, England: Scott Medd.

Navy:

Jack Colborne, James Lawson.

Royal Canadian Air Force:

Arthur Waddell, Christopher Mason, Clifford Morrow, Jack Machin, Rex Forsythe, Harold Lumpton.

Royal Air Force:

Gerald Wooll, Ross Allen, Wallace Barton.



Junior Boys' Basketball Team, C.O.S.S.A. Finalists

Front Row:

B. Gardner (Left Forward),
R. Routly (Right Forward),
L. Smith (Left Forward),
Mr. H. A. Craig (Coach).

Second Row:

G. Richardson (Right Forward),
B. Hall (Centre), S.
Saunders (Left Defence), C.
Gillespie (Left Forward), R.
Rogow (Right Guard), J.
Ferguson (Left Guard), E.
Moorhead (Centre).

SPORTS CALENDAR

May 19—**Eastern Ontario Track Meet** held at Port Perry. Representatives from P.C.V.S. Girls: Senior, Eleanor Craig; Intermediate, Jean Carter; Junior, Eleanor Pugh. Boys: Senior, Harlow Cutting, Henry Sharpe, James Lillico, Doug Quirt; Intermediate, Stroyan Leith, Jack Craig; Junior, John Frank; Coaches, Mr. H. A. Craig, Misses Brisbin and Bailey.

Relay team (H. Cutting, J. Lillico, D. Quirt, H. Sharpe) wins. A first or second qualifies for a trip to the Ontario Athletic Commission's Camp on Lake Couchiching.

July-August — **Ontario Athletic Commission's Camp** Lake Couchiching. A truly wonderful camp. P.C.V.S. has six representatives there; all winners in the track meet held at Port Perry in May. Girls, Senior: Eleanor Craig; Boys, Senior: H. Cutting, J. Lillico, D. Quirt, D. Diplock, (accepted); Intermediate: S. Leith; Junior: J. Frank. Pictures and a story of the camp are found elsewhere in this section.

September—**B. A. A. Elections.** About 30 of P.C.V.S.'s 400

male voters met in Mr. Collingwood's room to elect Don Duncan, Ralph Johnston, David Rogers and Bob Garner to the offices of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer respectively of the Boys' Athletic Association.

G. A. A. Elections — A vote by ballot gave the Girls' Athletic Association of P.C.V.S. the following officers: President: Shirley Richardson; Vice-president: Beverly White; Secretary: Marion Foster; Treasurer: June Ballard.

September 30—Football schedule opens in Lindsay. Two good starts!

Seniors: P.C.V.S. 19; L.C.I. 4
Juniors: P.C.V.S. 17; L.C.I. 3

October 14—P.C.V.S. at home to Bowmanville High School at the Exhibition Grounds. Bowmanville has no junior team.

P.C.V.S. 12; B.H.S. 3

October 21—P.C.V.S. journeys to Oshawa.

Senior: P.C.I. 18; O.C.I. 2
Junior: P.C.I. 0; O.C.I. 17

The Seniors have it all their

own way but the Juniors fall into the too familiar whitewash bucket.

October 28—Lindsay arrives in Peterborough.

Seniors: P.C.I. 6; Lindsay 8
Juniors: P.C.I. 7; Lindsay 8

The Seniors lose their first game, the Juniors their second; Lindsay is tougher away from home.

November 4—P.C.V.S. goes to Bowmanville.

Seniors: P.C.I. 7; B.H.S. 10

The Senior team, as ever poor mathematicians, fail to "solve" the quadrilateral that B.H.S. calls a football field and come out on the wrong end. Average the score with the one on October 14 and see what happens! Fairly conclusive—eh?

November 11—Oshawa ventures in!

Senior: P.C.I. 22; O.C.I. 1
Junior: P.C.I. 0; O.C.I. 2

The Juniors fell in again but the Seniors declared no armistice. Avenging the defeat in Bowmanville and the loss of Nels Foster, seriously hurt in that game, they romped to a 22-1 win.

P.C.V.S. Seniors are now group champions. The Juniors are eliminated. Although losers, Coach David's Juniors fought clean and hard.

November 18—**The Play-offs**—P.C.V.S. meets Belleville Collegiate, Bay of Quinte Champions, on the T.C.S. grounds in Port Hope.

P.C.V.S. 16; B.C.V.S. 14

It was close but it was done. A real thriller. P.C.V.S. wins the Lakeshore championship.

November 25 — **The Finals** — The Place — Back Campus, University of Toronto.

The Teams—Port Colborne Collegiate and Vocational School and Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School.

The Goal—Central Ontario Secondary Schools Association Championship.

The Winners: P.C.V.S.—i.e. Port Colborne Collegiate and Vocational School.

Ah yes! 'Tis sad but true. Our Seniors went down fighting, coming out on the

short end of a 6-3 score after leading 3-1 at the three-minute whistle. A blocked kick, resulting in an enemy touchdown did it. Congratulations to both teams!

November 27—Coach Bamforth calls in the rugby uniforms marking the end of a successful football season.

January 5—**Basketball**—P. C. V. S. in Port Hope.

Senior Girls:

P.C.V.S. 21; Port Hope 19

Senior Boys:

P.C.V.S. 50; Port Hope 9

Junior Boys:

P.C.V.S. 23; Port Hope 14

Three games—three wins, a good start.

January 12—Oshawa at P.C.V.S.

Senior Boys:

P.C.V.S. 48; O.C.V.S. 16

Oshawa has only one basketball entry. The home squad entertained them with a fine exhibition of passing and shooting.

January 12—P.C.V.S. Juniors vs. The Rats.

P.C.V.S. 27; The Rats 26

An exhibition game. The Rats were chosen from Middle and Upper Schools and Special Commercial and offered the following line up: B. Ferguson; A. Young; D. Rogers; J. Roper; B. Loomis; P. Turner; G. Fitzgerald and J. Banister.

January 19—P.C.V.S. at Lindsay.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 14; L.C.I. 12

Seniors: P.C.V.S. 38; L.C.I. 29

Juniors: P.C.V.S. 33; L.C.I. 24

Again P.C.V.S. comes out on top. The girls had better opposition and won out by a single basket.

January 26—Bowmanville plays here.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 18; B.H.S. 18

Seniors: P.C.V.S. 26; B.H.S. 30

Juniors: P.C.V.S. 16; B.H.S. 15

The Senior boys take their first defeat after a hard game. The Juniors keep up an unbeaten record.

Senior Boys' Rugby Team, C.O.S.S.A. Finalists

Front Row: R. Scriver (Half Back), A. Moldaver (End), H. Mathews (Inside), B. Hamilton (Half), B. Harle (Half), T. Freeman (End), D. McPherson (Quarter), R. Johnston (Snap), E. Armstrong (Inside), R. Rogow (Manager).

Second Row: Mr. H. L. Bamforth (Coach), B. Gray (End), E. Taylor (End), A. Marshall (Snap), P. Turner (Inside), P. Duncan (Middle), A. Scott (Middle), B. Hatton (Flying Wing).





G. A. A. Executive

M. Foster (Secretary), S. Richardson (President),
Miss D. E. Brisbin (Honorary President), B.
White (Vice President), J. Ballard (Treasurer).

February 2—Cobourg is here!

Girls: P.C.V.S. 10; C.C.I. 17
Seniors: P.C.V.S. 38; C.C.I. 16
Juniors: P.C.V.S. 15; C.C.I. 17

The Senior boys redeem themselves but everybody can't win.

February 9—A return trip to Cobourg.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 17; C.C.I. 43
Seniors: P.C.V.S. 16; C.C.I. 21
Juniors: P.C.V.S. 32; C.C.I. 22

The Juniors kept the Garnet and Grey on top this time.

February 16—Lindsay drops in for the evening.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 18; L.C.I. 10
Senior: P.C.V.S. 58; L.C.I. 14
Juniors: P.C.V.S. 30; L.C.I. 14

P.C.V.S. tops its old rivals. The Juniors won in spite of Chum Gillespie's startling announcements.

February 23—Enter Lindsay.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 22; L.C.I. 20
Senior Boys: P.C.V.S. 63; L.C.I. 17
Junior Boys: P.C.V.S. 30; L.C.I. 14

Three more wins for three fast stepping, fast passing, high-spirited basketball teams. The Juniors are well on their way to the play-offs now—not having lost a game yet.

March 1—A sad trip to Bowmanville.

Girls: P.C.V.S. 17; B.H.S. 18
Senior Boys: P.C.V.S. 26; B.H.S. 40
Junior Boys: P.C.V.S. 24; B.H.S. 25

Three down and two out. The senior teams are ousted from further competition by the powerful Bowmanville gang.

March 8—Bam's Boys go to Oshawa.

P.C.V.S. 39; O.C.V.S. 31

This completes the senior schedule and the boys once again hang up the rubber-soled shoes and resolve to do better next year.

Group Winners

Senior Girls:—Cobourg.

Senior Boys:—Bowmanville.

Junior Boys:—Peterborough.

March 8—The Rats are back.

P.C.V.S. 113; Ferguson's Rats 40

Stop the Press

March 16—C.O.S.S.A. Finals at Toronto.

P.C.V.S. Jrs. 20; Niagara Falls 51

The Juniors play-off hopes are dashed against the gym floor as they take a 51 to 20 defeat from Niagara Falls. The

only P.C.V.S. team to reach the finals in Toronto the Juniors are to be congratulated, along with their coach, Mr. H. A. Craig. Nice going, gang!



Rugby Dances

Much to the delight of our dance enthusiasts, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Glen Miller, and all those popular bands you know so well, gave forth sweet swing for the fall rugby dances. All one needed to do was plug in the nickels. Every one had a lot of fun, even the shy stag-line gathered courage and ventured forth.

Fun For Small Fry

This year the Students' Council took pity on the poor little first and second formers, and gave them a party of their very own! The great big fifth formers kept their eye on the little shavers and supervised the games. Slips of paper with numbers on them were given to everyone as they came in the door. The numbers indicated the rooms to be visited.

The rumour that a Mickey Mouse feature and other comics were to be shown drew everybody to the Assembly Hall. After Mickey was finished—and we don't mean finished for life—everyone went to play bingo, nine pins and even musical chairs. The prizes were lollypops!

A most enjoyable evening came to a happy climax when soft drinks and doughnuts were served.

Basketball Dances

When the basketball fans have cheered themselves hoarse and the game is won, the dance enthusiasts (and aren't we all?) hurry to the gym where John Hooper is pounding out on the piano the latest hit—or perhaps it's "Satan Takes a Holiday." Sometimes it takes a Paul Jones to get the crowd acquainted, but nevertheless by the close of the dance everyone is thoroughly enjoying himself.

Girls' Senior Basketball Team

Miss D. E. Brisbin (coach), D. Glover (guard), B. Couper (forward), J. Castle (forward), E. Saunders (forward), E. Craig (forward), S. Richardson (guard), A. Richardson (guard), F. Merrett (forward), J. Johnston (forward), G. Galley (forward), H. Beatty (guard), D. Bateson (guard).



Putting P.C.V.S. On Ice

Championship crests bearing the insignia of the C.O.S.S.A., the Central Ontario Secondary Schools Association, have been presented to football and basketball teams in P.C.V.S. for many years now.

As yet, however no such crests have ever been awarded to a C.O.S.S.A. championship hockey team in the old Alma Mater.

Why?—because hockey has not been encouraged in P.C.V.S. Why has it not?—we do not know.

Hockey is known as Canada's National Sport and yet it is not encouraged in one of the top ranking collegiates in Ontario—yes, in Canada.

Our winters here are ideal for out-door sport. After a day's work in school there is nothing more invigorating or healthful than a game of good, clean, fast, and organized hockey.

The best way to have organized hockey is to sponsor it in the school. The majority of the men teachers in P.C.V.S. are athletes and good organizers. Co-operation on their part would do much toward developing hockey.

While a C.O.S.S.A. team would be a great step forward, those who are unable to qualify should not be forgotten.

Here is a suggestion from one "hockey-minded" teacher. He suggests that a well balanced league of six or eight teams be featured in P.C.V.S. Each team would have a playing captain and manager and the captain of the winning team would pick a team consisting of the best players of the other groups. This team would then enter the C.O.S.S.A. round robin series held in the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto in March. This is just a suggestion but it sounds feasible.

At the banquet tendered to the Senior Rugby team in 1937 by the city fathers on the occasion of P.C.V.S. winning the Ontario Rugby Football Union

Championship Dr. Kenner, speaking after dinner said: "We have always encouraged athletics at the Collegiate Institute and we feel it pays worthwhile dividends. Sports are a great character builder and an important part of youth training. There are lessons taught on the playing field which can never be learned in the class rooms."

True, the Garnet and Grey is renowned and respected on the playing field but why not on the ice as well?

Peterborough has schooled many great hockey players. "Ace" Bailey, one-time Toronto Maple Leaf player and "Dit" Clapper, now with the Boston Bruins learned their hockey in Peterborough district, and many a time skated down the ice in our Brock Street Rink.

P.C.V.S. lacks neither the spirit nor the players necessary to put a good hockey team on the ice. What we have in spirit and players is counteracted by our lack of enthusiasm. Why should the C.O.S.S.A. hockey championship be awarded to Oshawa, Norwood, Campbellford or any other centre in Ontario when we are capable of producing as good players as we have in the past?

P. H. TURNER.



B. A. A. Executive

D. Rogers (Secretary), D. Duncan (President), Mr. Collingwood (Honorary President), R. Johnston (Vice President), B. Garner (Treasurer).

Fencing

P.C.V.S. has adopted a new sport, the thrilling, dramatic art of fencing with all its skill and heart beats. This year, under the firm support of the B.A.A. four sets of equipment were bought. A dozen boys meet every Wednesday to learn to think quickly, and acquire a subtlety to be found in no other activity. Fencing has a noble tradition and although it has lost its power it still retains that tense excitement, that speed and daring that is only acquired after long years of constant practice.

For a brand new organization the club is highly successful, and we are looking forward to the day when duels can be witnessed as morning entertainment.—R.B.

Junior Rugby Team

Front Row: C. McWilliams, L. Routly, G. Mackay, C. Gillespie, T. Mattucci, D. Ackford, H. Hallihan.
Middle Row: T. Craig, J. Ainslie, D. Board, A. Woodgate, R. Horton, R. Jopling, W. Cuppy, Mr. H. David.
Back Row: N. Hopgood, F. Fowler, L. Graham, W. Hall, K. Sproule, R. Hatton.



1939 Valedictory

by ROBERT GRAHAM, McMASTER UNIVERSITY

Madam Chairman, Dr. Kenner,
Honoured Guests, Ladies and
Gentlemen:

It is my privilege to-day to say a few words of farewell on behalf of the graduating students.

This is a day of parting. We of the class of 1939 make our formal adieu to P.C.V.S. with mixed emotions. We regret to leave a school which has given us so many fond memories, a school whose teachers have given us of their best, both in the classroom and in the various extracurricular activities, a school which has engendered in us a thirst for knowledge that will remain with us through life. It is hard to leave an institution where we have made so many friends and learned so many lessons. Yet we are happier because we have wandered through its corridors, we are richer because of what we have learned

in its classrooms.

But the merits of our school are well known to all of you. It has established itself high in the esteem of our own community and ranks among the best in the province. This is due, in no small part, to the many years of outstanding leadership given by our beloved principal, Dr. Kenner, supported, as he is, by a competent staff and backed up by a sympathetic board of trustees.

The main purpose of this meeting to-day is the presentation of diplomas and prizes, which is, in reality, the formal reward for the many hours spent here getting what is termed an education. The word, "education," immediately brings to mind text books, pens and pencils, classrooms, teachers, and a host of associated ideas. To the casual mind, education means the act of passing through the various grades of primary and second-

ary schools and, perhaps, on to university. Then with the final diploma, education stops.

But is the purpose of education merely to absorb information, to soak in facts like a sponge and to be able to squeeze them out for an examination? Is this not, rather, the superficial part of education?

Education should do more than this. It should broaden the outlook; expand the mind. Still more, it should teach us how to learn. Anna Jameson summed it up admirably when she wrote, "The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us: to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us endowed us."

For some of us school days are not yet over. Sometimes when one is tired from study, or is in the heat of examinations, it is well to relax for a moment and consider the underlying reason for all the toil and endeavour. Many, many years ago, Aristotle, the great Greek philosopher, made the wise comment, "The bitterness is most apparent to us all at certain times. But in later years, as our intellect broadens and deepens, we will reap the harvest in a strengthened and ennobled life."

To reach its fullest attainment, education must teach us how to think. The importance of this is most aptly illustrated by the unfortunate condition of learning in the totalitarian states where colleges are closing and schools are but channels for the promulgation of perverted knowledge. We in Canada may well rejoice that our sources of education are among the highest and purest in the world. Great opportunities and privileges are ours. Let us make the best use of them.

Senior Boys' Basketball Team

Front Row: D. MacPherson (Forward), E. Taylor (Left Forward), A. Scott (Left Guard), R. Johnston (Right Guard).
Second Row: N. Foster (Centre), B. Moorhead (Right Forward), T. Clarke (Centre), A. Marshall (Centre), Mr. Bamforth (Coach).





1939 Ontario Athletic Commission Camp

Nestling on the shore of beautiful Lake Couchiching lies the Utopia for all lovers of track and field sports. Here, the Ontario Athletic Commission, in order to further athletic training among the youth of the province, has provided a camp that lacks absolutely nothing in equipment and personnel. Open all summer, it affords a two weeks session for Junior Boys, Senior Girls, and Senior Boys each year.

The first sight which greets one is the costly quarter-mile cinder track, the best of its kind. Inside the track are three deeply-dug pits for pole-vaulting, high- and broad-jumping. Also there is a baseball diamond, a rugby field, and basketball standards which are in constant use. Across the track is a volley-ball court and next to it, sheltered from lake breezes by tall evergreens, are three excellent tennis courts. At the lake is a large boat-house, a bath-house, and a large dock and diving-tower.

Here the campers enjoy the blue, sparkling waters of Couchiching two or three times daily. Up higher, hidden by cedars of remarkable beauty and abundance is a large stone amphitheatre of natural formation where the chief coach gives his daily lectures. Above this, are the camp buildings.

Now a word about the personnel. Alex Wilson is the chief coach, and a nation-wide authority on track and field. Mr. Steele, the business manager, is a combination advisor, banker, and father, while Andy Ley, the camp supervisor, is a genius for organizing the camp program. As for the coaches (about twelve of them) under Alex, it would be difficult to find a better group of fellows. Each one acts as a cabin leader and coaches skilfully and patiently his own event.

One could ramble on for pages about O.A.C., but take it

from me for the best possible summer vacation, crammed full of invaluable instruction and training, there's no place like it. So let's get out and do some intensive training this spring, all you Glenn Cunninghams, and we'll be seeing you at O-A-C. this summer.—Jim Lillico.

The Ontario Athletic Commission's camp for girls, held last July on Lake Couchiching, was operated on the same principles as the boys' camp, held in August. It is owned and operated by the Ontario Government and is sponsored to encourage Athletics in the secondary schools of the province. This is the first year that any student from P.C.V.S. has attended the O.A.C. camp. The only girls' representative from here was Eleanor Craig.

Kingston

(Continued from Page 36)

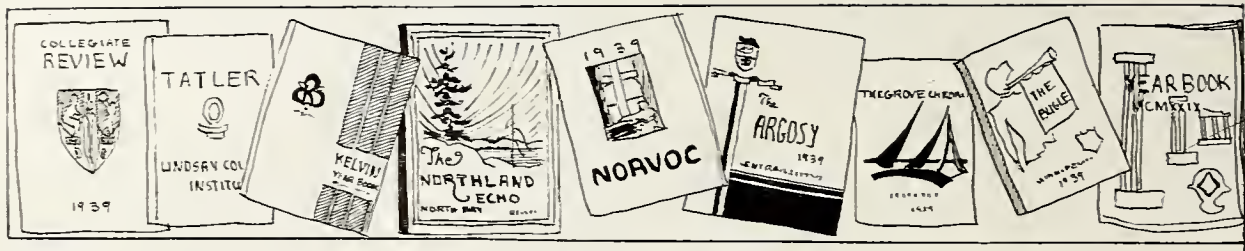
of the train's whistle reaching us from the distance. Soon we could hear the crowds cheering and then came the advance guard—and then, the royal car bearing our sovereigns ever nearer. As they came closer we could easily distinguish our handsome King and his gracious Queen waving to her breathless subjects and flashing on them her dazzling

smile. For one moment we gazed spell-bound and then the royal car swung around the corner, out of sight, on its way to Old Fort Henry.

Not satisfied with such a fleeting glance we trekked cross country with the hosts, to the station where we viewed the royal train with its gleaming blue and silver and then stood, awaiting the return of the distinguished visitors. Their coming was again fore-

told by cheering and again we caught a single glance of a noble man and a beautiful woman dressed all in white—our King and Queen!

Then the royal couple boarded the train and it roared away into the night leaving only glowing memories in the minds of happy throngs. Once more Their Majesties had won in a single hour the hearts of thousands of loyal subjects.—N.T.



EXCHANGE

From the standpoint of a casual reader the Exchange Section of a school magazine may seem unimportant. This is not so. If he only knew how much aid is derived from these publications to help make his magazine a success he would, I am sure, change his opinion. And so for this invaluable assistance, both in new ideas and friendly constructive criticism, sincere gratitude is due all those on our exchange list.

All of the magazines are so fine that it is rather difficult to single out any one as being better than another. This is more especially true of magazines from the smaller schools. We wish, however, to mention here just a few we think are of exceptionally high standard or of particular interest:

Hermes, Humberside Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

The Magnet, Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

The Nutshell, Moorestown High School, New Jersey, our only American exchange.

The Oracle, Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

And among the smaller magazines:

The Pelham P N Y X, Fenwick Continuation School, for its fine photography.

The Tatler, Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

The Cobourg Collegiate Review, Cobourg Collegiate Institute.

Annual, Burnaby South High School, Vancouver, B.C.

Good photography and school activities. Could be improved by a better literary section.

The Argosy, Central High School of Commerce, Hamilton.

You have an outstanding cover design and good form news but there is a lack of art illustrations.

The Argosy of Commerce, High School of Commerce, Ottawa.

A good magazine with exceptional title page and linoleum cuts.

The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.

A splendid magazine with good humour.

The Cobourg Collegiate Review.

A good all-round magazine with an attractive literary section.

Commissioners' High School Year Book, Quebec.

A good all-round magazine with a fine graduates' section.

The Elevator, Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.

Your magazine has good humour, literary, and snapshot collections.

The Blue and Gold, East York Collegiate.

Literary, humour, and cover design good.

The Blue and White, Walkerville Collegiate Institute.

A well-organized magazine with good literary section but a lack of art.

The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School.

Illustrations and cover design good. There is a lack of photographs.

The Hermes, Humberside Collegiate, Toronto. A good magazine throughout; special mention goes to your photography.

Kelvin Year Book, Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

You have a good magazine made outstanding by a fine cover design and coloured illustrations.

The Lampadion, Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.

You have exceptionally good photography and school news.

Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

A splendid book indeed. Might be improved by more short stories.

The Magnet, Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

A very complete magazine, photography and illustrations especially good.

The New Era, Brandon Collegiate Institute, Manitoba.

You have good humour and art.



The Editorial Staff

Front Row: H. Kenner (Photography Editor), N. Timlin (Exchange Editor), M. Munro (Art Editor), M. Westbye (Literary Editor), F. Smoke (Managing Editor), B. Scott (Editor), B. White (Form News Editor), Dorothy Parkhill (School News Editor), J. Davidson.

Second Row: J. Hooper, M. McCarrol, J. Johnston, Miss A. Thompson, Miss H. McGregor, Mr. R. L. Hale, Miss I. McBride, J. Prophet, B. Estlick, M. Masters, L. Smith.

Third Row: D. Ketchabaw, C. Hall, F. Ruskin, M. Curry, M. Hooper, M. Hanlon, D. Johnston, J. Johnston, N. Smedmor, S. Brown.

Fourth Row: W. Hanbidge, J. Cranford, A. Bunnell, R. Watson, R. Reed, J. Lillico, J. Roper, P. Turner, Mr. V. R. Henry, B. Carley.

The Business Staff

Front: M. Campanaro, Mr. A. Shearer, Mr. C. S. Browne, M. Jackson (Typing Manager), E. Hill (Circulation Manager), D. Metheral (Business Manager), M. Hall (Advertising Manager), Miss M. Lees, Mr. H. Toole, B. Henry, A. Murray.

Second Row: M. Grose, A. Hatton, G. Wells, E. Johnston, R. Smith, M. Wells, P. Marshall, P. Cox, P. Leonard, H. Florence, E. Milburn, J. Ridyard.

Third Row: H. Mason, D. Graham, R. Telford, R. Hess, J. Johnston, B. Watson, D. Keliele, J. Smith, B. Junkin, P. McClennan, R. Harding, E. Smith, T. Lillico.

Fourth Row: S. Heslip, L. Shearer, S. Anderson, D. Thomas, O. Dauncey, J. Duignan, G. Friendship, F. Gishman, M. Mason, J. Ballard, L. Williamson.



- The Northland Echo*, North Bay.
Good literary, and an appropriate cover design.
- Norroc*, Northern Vocational School, Toronto.
An interesting, well-illustrated magazine.
- Nutshell*, Moorestown High School, New Jersey.
Interesting, with splendid pictures of school activities. Senior Record is a good idea.
- The Oakwood Oracle*, Oakwood Collegiate Institute.
A magazine of exceptionally high standard.
- The Oracle*, Woodstock Collegiate Institute.
One of the finest and most complete magazines on our exchange.
- The Parkdalian*, Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
Very good photography but a lack of art. "Swamps at Dawn" is especially good.
- The Pelham*, P. N. Y. X., Pelham Continuation School, Fenwick, Ontario.
A most interesting magazine with complete literary section and good colour plates.
- The Peptimist*, Mimico High School.
A fine magazine except that the advertisements are spread throughout.
- The Student*, Welland High and Vocational School.
Humour and art good.
- Tatler*, Lindsay Collegiate Institute.
Form news and jokes good; excels especially in the literary section.
- The Tech Tatler*, Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
You have an excellent literary section and also good art illustrations.
- The Times*, Kingston Collegiate and Vocational School.
A fine magazine with good humour and literary section.
- The Twig*, University of Toronto Schools.
You have a good magazine which might be improved by more short stories.
- Vocational Review*, Chatham Collegiate Institute.
A well-planned, thorough review of your school activities.
- Vox Collegiensis*, St. Catharines Collegiate Institute.
Your magazine is well organized and interesting.
- Vox Lycei*, Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.
We enjoyed your excellent magazine with its fine humour.
- The Vulcan*, Central Technical School, Toronto.
A good literary section and fine illustrations improve your publication.
- Westward Ho*, Western Technical-Commercial School, Toronto.
Your sports section is well handled. Your photography is also good.

The High School Editors' Convention

This year *The Echoes* again sent a delegation to the High School Editors' Convention held at Toronto University. As the Sigma Phi Journalistic Sorority was unable to sponsor it, as in the past, the Toronto Editors took over the convention and invited the out-of-town editors as their guests. The convention was held on February third and the delegation from Peterborough was composed of Barbara Scott, Frank Smoke, Ruth Robinson, last year's editor, and Miss H. R. McGregor representing the advisers.

After registration the delegates listened to addresses of welcome delivered by Dr. M. W. Wallace, Principal of University College, University of Toronto, and Mr. J. L. Gill of U.T.S.

Then we separated for group discussions of various phases of school journalism when addresses were delivered by Dr. Birney, University College, on the Short Story, by Mr. W. H. Griffin, Southam Press on Makeup, and Mr. James Knox, Photo Engravers-Electrotypers on Photography. The advisers' discussion was led by Mr. J. L. Gill and Miss Joyce Kirk, O. C. E.

The entire group heard an interesting talk on Free Lance Journalism by Mr. H. Martin, Ex-Editor of the Canadian Bookman, and Mr. John McRae of Humber-side Collegiate delivered an address on Literary Copy.

We again separated for discussions on Editorial Writing by Mr. John Den, Feature Writing by Mr. L. Weingarten, News Editor of the "Varsity". These were followed by a round table editors' discussion led by Ben

Holdsworth and Carl Thuro, two Toronto editors. Later an open forum was addressed by Mr. E. H. MacKellar, Central Technical School.

The day was brought to a climax by a banquet and dance. Early in the evening, prizes were presented to the following magazines: Toronto Daily Star Shield for Best All-round Magazine, *The Magnet*; Sigma Phi Trophy for Editorials, *The Echoes* (The writers in this section were Ruth Robinson, Catharine White, Barbara Scott and Bob Hamilton); Varsity Shield for the best Literary Section, *The Blue and Gold*: (In this section several individual writers placed their magazines above the ordinary, among them, Barry Jack of Peterborough); The MacMillan Prize for Short Story, *Within These Walls* in the *Torpedo*. (In this section six smaller prizes were awarded, one to *The Incredible Anecdote of the Vanishing Moravian* by Hugh Kenner); the Walker-White Prize for Small Magazines, *The Heliconian*, Moulton College; The Elton Johnston Prize for Advertising, Bob Pike of *Vulcan*; J. M. Dent Prize for Makeup, *Norroc*.

The speaker for the evening was Dr. M. W. Wallace who spoke of the necessity of using good English, saying that the English spoken by a student makes a greater impression than the clothes he wears. He said that so far as writing is concerned the main thing is to have something to say. He also stressed the great value of doing something that it not one's job, without pay and in companionship with fellow students.

V B BOY CHARMS (LIVE?) SNAKES

SECOND ARTIE SHAW IN FORM V A

Once again good old V A takes the spot-light with a list of noteworthy personages that would turn the Hall of Fame green with envy. With awe and reverence, I am sure, these illustrious names shall be read by future generations who are fortunate enough to tread the halls of P.C.I.

This year, we are especially proud of two V A-ers, Barbara Richardson and Jim Lillico, who were acclaimed, respectively, Head Girl and Head Boy of the graduating classes. Besides these we boast Rae Borland, president of the Students' Council, Shirley Richardson, president of the G.A.A. and Don Duncan, president of the B.A.A.

Among those present are petite Berta Belleghem, that charming vocalist, Gwennie Bond, Warren Gamble, who leads the First Aid, and those two lady-killers, Carmen Chase and Gerald Fitzgerald. In addition, we have the irresistible "Poo" Hamilton, Jim Harvey, our class-room orator, and Frank Hogan, who is simply the victim of society. Nor must we forget Bill Henry, who, with Don Warne and Earl Routley, constantly brings scholastic honours to V A.

Vital elements among the fair sex include Jean Dougherty, our artist Doris Glover, Jaqueline Mortonson, the cynosure of more than one pair of eyes, and Pauline Paterson, P.C.I.'s gift to the Thespian art.

John Hooper, incomparable interpreter of Artie Shaw, Jack Hope, and Keith Kidd, who, by the way, fires a mean rifle, also take a bow.

And what about "Sam" King, our choice for next year's Maple Leaf star, and "Bud" Miller, whose art is a thing of beauty; or Mac Powell, the little man with the big eyes, and Ralph Rogow, who successfully mauaged our famous rugby team.

Let us not pass by Dave

Rogers, who can drive a model-T with the best of 'em; and there is Andy Scott, the mad chemist, and Duncan Seymour, one of our clever imports. *The Echoes* is well represented in V A by Barbara Scott, this year's Editor-in-chief, Margaret Westbye,

(Continued on Page 4)

REPORTER SEES IV A IN 440 B.C.

"Hikety Chike" Echoes Round Ancient Stadium

Last night, while copying Ancient History notes, I fell asleep. I dreamed I was sitting on a page from my note book, containing a description of the Olympian Games held by the ancient Greeks. Looking down, I discovered I was above the Stadium.

Coming closer, I saw the beginning of a track race. In the line-up, I was surprised to see some of my mates from IV A — Black, Armstrong, Kelly, Henry, Bell, and Moore. During this race I glanced around and recognized many friends. Near the refreshment booth was a gathering of IV A talkers — J. Ketcheson, B. Couper, M. Strickland, B. Richardson, and M. Wood.



In a corner of the field was a troupe of glamour girls, led by Goldie Shaw, who were just leaving to sell cigarettes. In the ranks were such "Umph" girls as H. Geale, G.

Huffman, M. Waite, H. Mathias, and A. O'Leary. Such famous men as Carlisle, Gillespie, Marshall, and Kay, were standing nearby gazing at the girls.

By this time the men's race was nearly finished, Black leading the field. Then, in the last few yards, an unknown runner, Kenner, passed him and won. A girl's race then began. In the line-up were Joy Walker, M. Munro, M. Robinson, A. Richardson, N. Timlin, J. Trotter, and D. Ross. It was a close race which ended with Joy and Norma tied for first place.

Immediately, the familiar yell "Hikety Chike" arose, led by our cheer leaders J. Johnston, S. Boorman, and Clark. The loudest cheerers seemed to be IV A girls — M. McIntyre, O. Anderson, I. Michaud, D. Hutchinson, B. Allen, H. Ballard, W. Hunter, J. Hamley, and M. Armstrong.

Near this crowd a free-for-all wrestling match was taking place. In the ring were those brawny members of IV A — Garner, G. Smith, Morrow, Scriver, Hatton, D. Smith, Gray, and Hall. Scriver was the only one who survived. The cheers awakened me and I found my homework still unfinished. — B.H.

DEATH STALKS TREMBLING AUTHOR

Did you notice how skillfully Barrie Jack charmed those snakes (I don't mean the ones in the balcony that hissed when I came on the stage) in a recent literary meeting? No doubt he and the snakes had something in common.

Some day Verne Whatley will get his just reward for his habit of pushing you (quite accidentally) while you're trying to put your rubbers on.

All Jack Hope's faults dwindle into insignificance because (this is a tip) he's sure to have that tough Algebra problem.

I sought an interview with John Wray but as Miss Trumpour showed no signs of relinquishing him I gave up, firmly convinced, that Vera Vague is really only an amateur.

The horrors of war no longer shock our linguist, Jim Davidson. He simply shrugs callously and says, "C'est la guerre."

In spite of all Miss Beatty's speed she can't keep pace with that elusive algebraical (I'd like to call it something else) Nth term.

Just because the chorus girls weren't chosen from V B for the "Lit," doesn't indicate that we haven't our beauties. Miss Clarke and Miss Armstrong would have qualified easily for the part only "The Dairy Maid's Union" wouldn't allow them to appear in a play in which beer was served. (Although I have been reliably informed by those inseparable realists, Frank Pammett and Carmen Bell, that it wasn't real beer at all).

(Continued on Page 2)



The Graduating Classes: VA Academic

Front Row: M. Westbye, J. Dougherty, B. Belleghem, H. Smoke, B. Richardson, L. Wellwood, J. Mortson, M. Tinker, H. Wellman, B. Scott.
 Second Row: J. Harvey, F. Hogan, C. Chase, J. Hope, D. Glover, S. Richardson, P. Paterson, G. Bond, M. Miller, K. Kidd, E. Routly.
 Third Row: E. Westman, M. Powell, J. Hooper, A. Scott, G. Trumpour, R. Borland, D. Warne, D. Seymour, B. Hamilton, D. Rogers, A. Van Allen, G. Fitzgerald.
 Fourth Row: P. Turner, F. Smoke, B. Henry, D. Wolfe, L. Casey, R. Rogow, D. Duncan, W. Gamble.

IND. ARTS BOY REFUSES JOB

What would happen if:

Bill Anderson sang in the auditorium instead of gazing across the aisle at a certain girl in Household Arts?

George Baker refused another job—if he was offered one?

Jack Cournyea came to school one morning without his gum?

Harold Morrow didn't go up to third floor each morning to see a person in third form? I wonder who?

Jack Bestard had a correct solution for his Mathematics lesson?

Clifton Westman didn't do three hours' homework every night?

Jim Northam came to school before one minute to nine?

Ted Freeman didn't chat with the girl-friend's sister in the auditorium every morning?

If Bud Allen strained himself by exercising in the P.T. class?

We wish to remember also the ones who have passed from our form into the industrial world: Jim Sands, Jim Baird, Willard Westman, Roy Abbott, Bob Jackson, Art Northcott, Len Vass, and Roy Hiscox, all of whom are employed in the C.G.E. Don Douglas, our last member to leave, is in Branson's machine shop.

I'll try to give you some information about IV B. We have two lovers of the dance—Leone Comstock, who is a graceful ballerina, and Walter Dunford who likes a Ballarina. Eric Taylor, Andy Scott, Nels Foster, and Ralph Johnston, (who prefers blondes) are heart throbs on the gridiron as well as in the class room.

Some of us are really honoured. We take special Latin! Here Sammie Andrew is Miss McIntosh's bright hope. How does he do it? Bob Crocker

BOY CHARMS SNAKES

(Continued from Page 1)

Our form is also blessed by that financial wizard, John Bannister, and that snappy basketballer (some with more authority say racketeer) Bill Moorehead.

Well, old Father Time has his scythe right against my throat (Don't you wish you could jostle his arm, Barrie?)

and so I say, "Mucchas Gracias" (I really know the correct Spanish—I mean German) which means, (only a literal translation of course)—"ha! ha! If you have read this far then the title has served its purpose." I can't give you a system for winning friends but this is a good way to keep them — DON'T WRITE FORM NEWS.

JITTERBUG INFESTS LUCKLESS FORM IV B

has a few classes as a sideline from his extra-curricular activities. Hazel Davis, June Pidgeon, and Elta Van Allen are the girls who always do their homework. Shirley Ashby thinks that *felix* really means cat.

In literature, Crowe and Shearer, his accomplice, do a fine job at seeing to Mr. Hale's amusement. Betty Barr, Eleanor Taylor, and Dorothy Bateson are always having a homey chat. We also have a contribution from down Keene way in the persons of

Verna Hope, Lenore Stewart, and Isobel Howson. Also of IV B are Jewitt Parr and Eleanor Rosborough but I need not go into detail, need I?

Jack Cranford, a jitterbug, is just crazy about *In the Mood*. Jack Roper also prefers blondes, but Shirley Zacks prefers red-heads. Eleanor Irwin gets nice looks from the boys and measles all in one year! Betty Hughes is a real rugby fan for more than one

(Continued on Next Page)



The Graduating Classes: Special Commercial

First Row: E. Hill, A. Weir, E. Darling, V. Davidson, E. Borland, M. Millar, V. Hope, P. Simpson, M. Foster.
 Second Row: M. Clancy, D. Boyle, M. Stewart, D. Kelly, J. Eldred, M. Benson, V. Sullivan, I. Graham, D. Harle.
 Third Row: B. Middleton, A. Dainton, J. Milburn, H. Florence, K. Brown, D. McKinley, A. Moldaver, Z. Kennedy, N. Corkery.

JITTERBUG INFESTS IV B

(Continued from Page 2)

reason. He's not a bad reason either, is he, Betty? Mary Pierce and Keith Sproule have been noticed with a couple of third formers. Marion Foster is the secretary of the G.A.A., Eleanor Glover, a whizz bang at the piano, is always seen with Erminie Gurney. By the way, Frances Ruskin is the girl that knows all the answers.

IV B welcomes Cleta Galvin and Clara Nisbett to P.C.I. Barbara Best and Mary Curry just love French. Joan Melton and Iris Fitzgerald are inseparable. Mary and Jessie Haddow are our two candidates from Bolivia. Cranfield's theme song is *Nya, you can't catch me*. Other IV B-ites are Bill Thompson, Roy Hudson, Beverly Bruce and Archie Wilson.

Miss Kirkwood: "Your face is clean, but how did you ever get your hands so dirty?"

First Former: "Washing my face."

XI B HAS NOTABLE CAT IMITATOR

We have many types of people in our class. There is the genius for history, Ellen Elmhurst, who often confounds Mr. Pettit with the right answer.

Clegg (Peewee) Hall is the Clarke Gable type. Marg. Laurie is repeatedly trying to wash his neck with snow.

The studious type is very ably represented by Harry McKnight whose ambition is to become a speed car driver.

Gordon Lupton and Betty Hughes are our special skiing instructors, Gordon skiing on his nose, Betty standing off the top of the hill to show off her new jacket.

Stanley McCurragh and Jerry Fowlie consider themselves too young for school since they are never at school. This fever is catching very rapidly.

Stroyan Leith, our pinhole camera expert, has promised to take a picture of our basketball stars, Gladys Galley and Bill Gardiner, also of Jim

Ferguson, always asleep and of Don (Doc) McPherson, our chief excuse-maker.

What class could be dull with Ed. Geraghty as the best cat imitator, Bill Kemp, our ace paper-tearer, Jim Gose-lin our extraordinary candy-eater, and Ed. Gorman, Wm. Wrigley's chief supporter. We actually saw Gorman pack ten sticks of gum into his own mouth as an advertisement!

Muriel Hall, alias Sonja Henie, has found a fellow enthusiast in Betty Cook.

Alden Gourley, after two weeks of hard work growing his moustache, shaved it off! We wonder why?

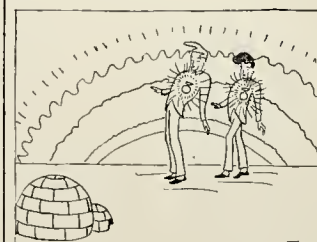
When Tom Lillico drives a car he always seems to land up in a ditch.

What will Howard Green look like in a cadet uniform? We can't even guess.

Three times our form has met XI A in a hockey match. Sticks went flying, pads went flying, and pucks went flying—mostly into XI A's goal.

SP. COM. TO GIVE TOUR OF ALASKA

As a special favour, the students of Special Commercial will conduct a tour of Alaska. For only twenty-five cents they will let you



in their form with the temperature guaranteed to be not higher than 46° F.

Let me introduce some of the guides and natives of this (don't worry, I'm not going to say illustrious) form. Illustrious is the last word anyone (especially the teachers) would use to describe us.

Our head guide is Edna Borland. We nickname her "the Wizard of the Type-

(Continued on Page 10)

XI COMMERCIAL'S PROBLEM IS SKIRT VA BOY IS GREAT MUSICIAN

Well, students, here's your chance to find out just what happens in your form room.

Would you understand if I said a certain co-ed, namely, Miss Wells, is wearing a St. M—— pin?

Mr. Shearer just can't understand why a certain red-head is confusing cooking with typing. This young lass must be mixing her dates.

How to Make Money. It seems that certain Misses Leonard, Gishman and Shearer, are always borrowing combs and cosmetics. Why not lend these on commission?

Wouldn't you like time out between periods, Miss Florence and Miss Keliele and also you Miss Friendship, just so you may comb your hair without disturbing "History Periods"?

All the boys are so very modest, with the exception of Austin Haig, that I feel that I should not pry into their affairs as much as I should like to. Now there's that little

troubador Rylott, who always leads the class, and Bothwell and Mason who do have the grandest times in Literature classes. Then there's Cox and Paterson, the girls' dream-boys, who are so very bashful. Come out of your shells, boys, and give the girls a break. M.M. certainly agrees with me, don't you, Marg.?

Mr. Toole seems doubtful whether or not we are a brilliant class as a whole, but already we have Strano who does the disappearing act. Here today and gone tomorrow. Methersal is our strong man who carries the heavy burden on Ancient History on his head. I wonder what Rutherford and Brown are thinking of now, or are they? Can it be that Literature period ahead?

Now why is it Miss Anderson always has her work done? Is it because she stays for lunch?

It seems we have a very good Dagwood in the Com-

(Continued from Page 1)

Literary Editor, and Frank Smoke, Managing Editor. To these add Grenfell Trumpour and Phil (Shut-out) Turner, Alton Van Allen, who is waiting for the next overseas contingent, and Earl Westman, and you may get some idea of the importance of the members of V A.

Helen Smoke, Marjorie Tinker, Helen Wellman, and Loreen Wellwood complete the galaxy of V A femininity, while last, but far from least, we would mention Doug.

mercials Department. The Baby Dumpings are the Misses Grose, Brown, Milburn, Marshall, Junkin and Campanaro, but they all lack little stools.

I have a very great problem to put before the class. What in the world can we do about June Ballard's P. T. skirt?

Wolfe, who claims that silence is a virtue, and Alec Young, dynamic past-president of the Students' Council.

Of such, dear reader, is V A and as a graduate of 1940 (note vivid optimism) my only hope is that, in the years to come, Mr. Zavitz' roll-call will always be as interesting as this one.

NOTE: Further (and sadder) details concerning the above-mentioned persons may be obtained upon request from any of the Upper School teachers.

Honorary mentions are: Miss Grose is Vice President of the Students' Council; Miss Hatton is Form Representative of the Students' Council; Miss Campanaro is Form Representative of the G.A.A. and Harold Mason is Form Representative of the B.A.A.

Your form reporter signing off now.—E.M.C.

The Graduating Classes: V B Academic

Front Row: J. Trumpour, M. Clarkson, G. Record, M. Macfarlane, H. Beatty, J. McIntosh, E. Crough.
Second Row: J. Bannister, F. Beebe, G. Hunt, E. Saunders, W. Armstrong, D. Clark, M. Arnold, B. Jack.
Third Row: V. Watley, C. Bell, J. Davidson, J. Wray, L. Harvie, B. Moorehead.



BRAVE BOY PROPOSES; H. ARTS XI WAKES CLASS ABOVE WITH LAUGHTER

Though Household Arts XI is small we wish to assure you that it is not lacking in humour and tragedy.

We often wonder why Mildred Hanwell blushes so attractively when IV B Academic's line passes. Enid Smith, an enthusiastic young artist, used a little too much enthusiasm one day when she tried to paint the floor, walls, and sink in Miss Montgomery's room a brilliant red.

We understand Doreen Hill has become a sleuth, watching every move, furtive or otherwise made by a certain unsuspecting Industrial Arts XI boy. Margaret Gertley, better known as Miss Willoughby to ardent play-goers, will be our noted representative in the school production.

Betty Jary, although she is not in Household Arts XI, has decided that she will make a better wife than stenographer, so she is now taking Advanced

Household Arts after struggling through four months of Special Commercial.

Questions have been pouring into our form as to whether the boy who announces the Junior Signallers' meeting is Connie Lewis's brother. We hasten to assure you that they are not that closely related.

On Friday morning we spent a riotous period with the boys



of Industrial Arts IV. One Friday we were entertained in discovering the way an Eighteenth Century gentleman

X A HAS LATEST DANCE STEPS

Calling X A! Calling X A! Class is busy! It is Thursday morning. Wenda Jaquith is in Miss Park's room with her books while Mary Dalliday, Ruth Harris, and Jean Hut-ton page X B pupils to deposit theirs. Shirley Mortimer and Jean McLeod barge up to Mr. Collingwood's room with their books. Crystal Hendry and Hilda Sharpe present Jean McDonald with more snapshots, while Gloria Lush is busy with her sketches. Miss Lees rings the bell and in come Arlie Con-

proposed when Charles Deeford (Jim Sands) proposed to Clarissa (Beverly White) from the play *Disraeli*. We are quite sure the shouts of laughter awoke Mr. David's class on the next floor.

Miss Bailey's room is also noted for its ventilation. It not only gives us fresh air, but it serenades us with what we know as Paul Whiteman's theme song. We are considering putting in a request to Miss Weddell for some of Kay Kaiser's music.—C.L.

nell, Dorothy Mahood and Margaret Adamson. Margaret Batley comes with Ethelwyn Gibson from the Typing Room. Eleanor Doyle is in the orchestra. Sylvia Duignan practises her latest dance step. The Lockies feverishly study spelling in the company of Jean Lillow and Doris Lee. Ruth Reid is writing her spelling home-work and Gladys Milligan and Edna Armour are hard at their shorthand. Bernice Daynes, Helen Hughes, Betty Dundas, and Doris Johnston are quiet and studious as usual. Blonde Isobel Johnson is practising her Glee Club music. Doris Chenier is resting from her long walk to school. Lorna Andrus looks over her priceless stamps. Mary Masters admires her art and so does Helen Allen. Dorothy Franks measures her height with that of Rose Botnick. Betty Estlick is the class favourite, and is here, there, and everywhere all at once. So this is X A, the class you see so much of, and hear so little.—D.P.

Form News Staff

Front Row: J. Preston, E. Craig, R. Rose (Ass't. Editor), A. Connell (Ass't. Editor), B. White (Editor), F. Alcock (Ass't. Editor), M. Parnell, E. McDonough.
Second Row: C. Lewis, G. Raines, I. Graham, B. English, B. McBrien, B. Young, D. Purdy, D. Kirn, G. Demos.
Third Row: H. Mather, D. Rennie, B. Hall, J. Lillico, L. Harvey, F. Craig, A. Bunnell, T. Brown.
Fourth Row: J. Edmison, R. Smith, S. Brown, E. Gregson, R. Green, S. Fine.
Absent: J. Wallis, R. Garner (Ass't. Editors).



FORM NEWS

EDITOR—BEVERLY WHITE

Ass't. Editors—J. Wallis, A. Connell, R. Rose,
F. Alcock, B. Garner

APRIL, 1940

VOL. 26

The Form News this year is hardly recognizable. Gone are the space-wasting theme songs and the valiant attempts (or are we being too kind) at writing poetry. All this is replaced by the more legible newspaper style, which makes our magazine an improved and modern school book. It is only with the able assistance of June Wallis, Arlie Connell, Bob Garner, Rex Rose, and Frank Alcock, that this section has been compiled; so now they take a well-earned rest while your form news editor endeavours to fill this space with reading matter.

The form reporters set an astounding record this year—about one third of the desired number of reports were turned in on the date set. It is very disheartening to realize that the majority of these were from the first forms.

Scattered through the form news section this year will be noticed a number of sketches, which have been done by a most industrious Art Department. There are more than there were last year and they are drawn with an eye to being humorous. We agree that they are not necessarily flattering, but vanity must be forsaken in editing a magazine.

Reading through this section, you will notice the almost complete absence of the old perennials "flash" and "illustrious"—a great obstacle overcome by a dauntless *Echoes* staff.

CHIVALRY DISAPPEARS

We are led to understand by a certain incident that occurred in the ninth grades, that chivalry in the school is almost an unheard-of grace. A boy was assigned to write his form's news. He was in the form reporters' picture—but when the time came for him to turn in his report, he handed the job over to a girl. Is this the chivalry of our school? We hope it is only an exception.

The advertisers of *The Echoes* have been very loyal this year. Even though there is a war going on, the firms, companies, stores and private practices have advertised. *The Echoes* is very appreciative of this co-operation.

We didn't know that first formers knew such big words. One used "parsimonious," and another "physiognomy." We had to look these up in the dictionary (for shame)!

Upon searching furtively through other magazines for other Form News editors' editorials, we made the heart-rending discovery that there are not many. Those other editors do not realize how lucky they are. After struggling for four nights we obtained enough space on the table in *The Echoes* office to get this editorial written. The office is the busiest place in the school—after school hours. Someone is typing, someone is running around with a sheaf of papers, someone pasting—everybody doing something.

It is with this picture that we would leave you, so that when you see us "resting" later in the year, you'll know that we deserve it.

XI A KNOWN AS GUIDING STAR

Form XI A Academic is as a guiding star whose bright light illuminates the path of duty for those "Of lesser clay" who follow its lead. You, our readers, will perhaps think this a rash statement, so let me present the following facts to substantiate it.

Margaret Langley and Norma Elcombe were scholarship winners last year.

Dorothy Parkhill, Bob Carley, Arthur Bunnell, Lloyd Williamson and Davis Graham are all working for *The Echoes*.

Christine Carlisle and Bob Carley represented the form in a lively debate with XI C. Although the decision was in favour of XI C, we are indeed proud of their valiant stand.

"Bill" Harle, Captain of the Senior Rugby Team, and Les Graham and Tom Craig of the Junior, battled it out on the old gridiron for the honour of the School last fall. Bill also plays basketball.

The form hockey team, in which most of the lads of the form starred, is still leading in the series of games with XI B.

It would never do to forget the girls, especially in a room where they outnumber the boys two to one.

Many like Jean Castle, are interested in baseball. Not a few pitch a fast ball and pack a mean wallop, "with a bat."

Among the foremost of the musically inclined of the School, are the talented Elsie Chambers, heard at the piano at each morning assembly, Davis Graham, who plays in the orchestra, and June Burrows, our singing star.

With the budding dramatists are found Connie Nicholson, Ruth Telford, Marie Casey, June Burrows, and Bob Carley, busily engaged learning their lines for the School Play, *Quality Street*.

We regret that limited space precludes the enumeration of various interests in which other members of the form are engaged. We hope,

UNUSUAL ARTISTIC ENDEAVOURS IN IX I

I shall try and put down on paper a clear description of our brilliant form as it goes on its daily round through the Collegiate.

When the morning bell rings we are in our form room, but a few stragglers always seem to saunter in several minutes later. Usually they are curly-headed Robertson and Sills, who wakens the class with his thump of heels. First period is English, where Miss Brown tries to teach us our proper language, but it appears to be no use. However, by June we hope the more talented students, Lois Wright, Joan Smedmor, and Dorothy Thorpe, will know the difference between a noun and a verb. Next comes Geography where Ralph says the capital of Australia is London, and Sisson, Steward, and the Samis Sisters catch up on some sleep. Then we go to Mathematics. Here Sullivan and Sheppard try to get their homework done before Mr. David takes it up. After Mathematics has ended we go to History. Sanderson suddenly gets thirsty on that dry subject and remembers the attendance board which he left in the Mathematics room.

In the afternoon we have French. Here Slaughter, Santomero and Sutcliffe sit and watch the snow slide off the Armouries roof. When French is over we take Science. Here Amelda Traviss and Marjorie Schaus try to make us more unconscious by turning on the gas jet. After Science we go up the stairs for two periods of Art, where we spend our time drawing pictures of "The Little Man Who Wasn't There." The four o'clock bell rings and we start home, after a happy school day.—B.S.

however, that this brief outline will give you an insight into some of the activities of our class, past, present and future.—A.B.

XI C AC. GIRLS MAKE OXYGEN

"Afternoon, everybody!" The bell rings and the door of Miss Howson's room bursts open to admit Helen Miller and Muriel Miles who dash in, followed closely by Betty Puffer and Lenore Skitch. These fun-makers always cause a great sensation at least.

Form XI C is proud of its actors and actresses for staging scenes from "Disraeli." Behold our future stars trucking off to Hollywood: Jack Ridyard, Jack Thompson, Morley Geraghty, Joan Rahmel, Bill Purdy, and Eleanor Staples.

Have you heard about our outstanding poetesses — Bernice Newman, Barbara White, and Joan Pitchford? No, our boys didn't fail us in poetry. Ask Frank Stuart how he knows Hitler so well.

Miss McIntosh, our jolly form teacher, may wonder why pupils like Jean Wooll, Jean Moncrief, John Stuart, Barbara Nichols, and Hannah Wright are so fond of Latin??

The Chemistry Lab. is an interesting place for certain students at tables B and E. In the making of oxygen, Misses Pettersone and MacBrien stand idly by while Miss Wade works herself into a dilemma (or somp'in.)

XI C is happy to name its hockey players: George Richardson (whose favourite subject is French), Stuart Saunders (our Latin scholar) and Lloyd Routly, (our future orchestra leader, we hope.)

We welcome new students into our form this year. (We'll gauge them when we get our reports.) Here they are: Misses Nelson, Neils, Scott, and Ken Murray.

Miss Howson can thank the boys, R. Reed (form representative), M. Thompson, and H. Amys, for co-operation in English.

We have those students who find Physics beyond them: Norma Smedmor, Vera Miller, Stuart Wright, Maurleen Brown (or does she?) Dot Cathcart, and Mary Nesbitt—but then, don't we all?—B.M.

IX C GIRL DECIDES TO BECOME PHYSIOGNOMIST

Well, here we are. We stand before you as the potential brilliants of days to come—the executives and bankers of tomorrow (perhaps). Here we have "banker-to-be," Dalton. It seems obvious from the fact that all loose change in his possession is soon disposed of, that he desires to deal only with larger amounts of currency.

What is that rasping, scraping sound? Of course, the fourth desk down, it is Mme. Fifi Edwards grinding her way to a manicurist's fame.

And over there is Professor Betty Craig, the future physiognomist, even now observing the weird effect upon others when she gaily chews her nails before their horrified eyes.

What other form can boast such unique and outstanding characters? Where will you find such brilliance, or shall I say, such evident brain-power better disguised, than in Form IX C? For confirmation of the above we suggest any teacher for reference.

Field and track artists abound — perhaps bound

would be better. This bounding effect is most apparent when these athletes race into the class room, just after the bell has rung. A wild scramble it is, of a type that would put a typhoon to shame.

Do you blame us for feeling so distinguished? From beginning to end we are destined for something. As Ling Poo once said, "It requires a wise man to pretend ignorance." With that, I leave all in the hands of the gods and the judges (known elsewhere as examination-paper markers.) —G.D.



Postgraduate Class: Industrial Arts IV

Front Row: Jack Bestard, Edward Freeman, Harold Morrow, Willard Westman, William Anderson, Clifton Westman.

Back Row: Harry Allen, John Courneya, Donald Rennie, James Northam, George Baker.

Absent: Roy Abbott, James Baird, Donald Douglas, Roy Hiscox, Robert Jackson, Arthur Northcott, Donald Rose, Leonard Vass. (These boys secured positions in industry before this picture was taken).

ROUND SHE GOES AND HERE SHE STOPS AT XI IND. ARTS

NAME	NICK-NAME	WEAKNESS	AMBITION
N. Dickson	Curly	brains	travelling salesman
S. McDermott	Romeo	girls	ladies' man
G. DeCarlo	Pantywaist	size	to grow up
C. Curtis	Muscle	skating	he hasn't any
F. Mattucci	Pin Boy	everything	join the Navy
T. Fife	Chick	vocabulary	first class farmer
I. Crerar	Flash	skiing	to become champion
N. Brown	Ruben	day dreaming	to wake up
E. Gregson	Oinkv	school	to see the world
K. King	Sparky	radio	another Marconi
B. Hallihan	Hooley	skinny	Maple Leafs.—G. & C.

XI BCD BOY GIVES BED TO BEAR

Just before nine every morning there is a general drifting of the XI B. C. D. "boys" to the Electrical Lab. There we find out what homework should have been done the preceding night, discuss the latest war news, and comment on hockey games, our leader being the energetic ticket-collector at Rye's—Jack Ainslie. One of the most popular topics was Don Westlake's account of how he slept in the barn five nights to let the bear get out of the attic. Colin Jack, gasping for breath, usually charges in with thirty seconds to spare. Mr. Weames finally gets the attendance cards distributed and we go to the Assembly Hall, where we are led in song by Jim Hawthorne, Eric McBain, the wavy-haired bass, Ainslie, Tivy, and Sage.



SKI CHAMPION

In English class, Jim Brown, six foot one of bone and muscle, obligingly writes along the top of the board so that the shorter teacher cannot reach it.

At Auto Mechanics Hartshorn continues his lecture on the merits of a motorcycle and Mitchell plies his trade of chief battery terminal "taker-offer." Jack Cupoli, the New York play-boy with the

evasive smile, and Jackson labour vainly trying to start broken-down cars.

At the beginning of the afternoon session Todd murmurs in that Southern lazy drawl, "I don't know what you have, deary, but we have Wood Working." Poast usually joins the group here. He explains that the roads were blocked. At the end of the day Cupoli can be heard litterly complaining about Duncan using all the locker, and as a grand finale, like the flag being lowered at sunset, Elmhirst's hat bobs away down the hall.—R.R.

X B GIRL IS FUTURE MODEL

X B Commercial is that snappy businesslike form in Room 39. Miss Park is the form teacher and the pupils are her secret delight. Now to outline some of its celebrities.

Moorhead is our basketball hero and Armstrong is that fellow who made those flashy touchdowns this fall with the P. C. I. Seniors — or were they sitdowns? Paul Meeks, Peter the Hermit, will be pensioned off if he remains at school much longer. Reg. Leether is our acrobatic goal minder. Wallace Parnell, great horn blower, is now starring in "Gone With the Wind." Bill Jordan at last has his main ambition as his hair is like Dagwood's.

Douglas Wilson represents the telephone directory for such names as Misses Storey, Pue, Primeau, Sloan, Williams, Simmons and Preston. Gerald Monkman is a ski

X A ACADEMIC CONSIDERS AMPLIFYING SYSTEM

Meet good old X A, where talent is as plentiful as failure in the History examination. Let me introduce also Miss Moore, our form teacher, and Fred Garner, the form representative.

Medals are plentiful. Campbell and Hanbridge hold marksmanship medals, and others are held by Misses Abbott and Blaiklock for life-saving. Boyer and Ford ought to receive medals for gum-chewing. Lynn Head holds a canoeing trophy.

Misses Turner and Abbott are on the Badminton committee while the Basketball captains are Alcock and Campbell.

Examination results show six students with results over 75%. All of them are boys, too! (Shame girls!) In order of standing, they are: Brown, Allen, Crowe, Boyd, Dinsdale, Garner. Miss Blaiklock and Gordon Diplock are the G.A.A. and B.A.A. representatives.

The members of the Glee Club are Misses Chase, Fisk, Flett and Zavitz. The camera

champion and Webster a writer of a famous dictionary. Ralph Braund is a prominent young musician. Dean Cutmore leads the way to higher learning.

Of the girls there is much to say. Helen Thompson with her brilliant mind heads the class. B. Moore takes her regular walk down the hall to obtain a drink—or is it to see some familiar face? June Patterson in a few years will be a model in one of the big stores in Peterborough. Nellie Smith is going to be the

club members include Miss Zavitz, Boyd, Brown, Crowe and Walter Hanbridge, who won an *Echoes'* photography prize last year. Ford and Chambers represent the orchestra, and Sellon and Dinsdale are in the signal corps.

Events have led us to wonder if Miss McIntosh would faint if Boyer ever had his Latin homework done; and if Fanning could ever stop wiggling to oblige Miss Howson. Fern Agnew must love arguments, judging from what we hear in English class.

There is at least one member of the class who wishes that Mr. Craig would omit some of the gruesome details during health lectures. He is William Allen.

Rumor has it that amplifying systems will shortly be rented for Eleanor Brown and Jim English, to save the teachers ear-strain; and that someone will be hired to polish Miss Moore's glasses during first period.

The time—well, time to go to bed; and so ladies and gentlemen, good evening and thank you.—S.B.

World's Champion Athlete Girl, if Miss Bailey continues to be her teacher. Mildred Rusaw's ambition is to quit school.

Stewart is very Keene and Wade is the boy with the Roman nose. Shaughnessy is a professor and Mills a fox farmer. Shea will some day replace Turk Broda. Hess is a pocket edition of Tarzan. Patterson and Maloney are future Joe Louis's; Travis is tall, dark, and handsome. Last of all is Wall.—T.B.

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE
Peterborough Lock Manufacturing Company
LIMITED

X C'S LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE

We now have the pleasure of bringing to you a variety feature, tidings of X C. Tops of the form in the Christmas exams were Evelyn Martin and Harold Mather, both of whom obtained Grade IX scholarships last year. D. Milburn, Ruth Sage, and A. Scholes merit commendation too.

This paragraph is reserved for B. McBride. McBride is again this year the main punching bag of the form. He is now recovering, as we are glad to learn, from an appendicitis operation.

X C is proud to boast that our form has a representative of every club in the school. B. Cuppy battered his way into the junior rugby team. C. McWilliams manages this organization of young rough-necks. J. Patterson and Eva Parr play their part in the orchestra (wonder what they do play?). Ruth Sage and Betty Stewart strain their vocal cords in the Glee Club. R. Blackwell represents the form on the Literary executive, and our athletic representatives are Jane Strickland and J. Sackville.

M. Metcalfe is again this year the little man who wasn't there. If you want a laugh just take a look at A. Johnston's comic strips.

Since B. Scott was deposited ahead of the girls by Miss Howson, we boys can very well understand why he can't resist the temptation to reverse directions once in a while (Margery McGee sits behind him). How is it possible for J. Newton and B. Farrow to take in any mathematics when Mary Matchet and Judy Clark sit in the near vicinity? Putting in a word for all the girls, we must say that they are outstanding in beauty and brains (not too much stress on the brains). Three parts of the girls don't seem to grasp the fact that we take science at all, while we boys, when our pens wear

X B BOY WRITES HIS WILL

Let me introduce you to the members of our intellectual form X B.

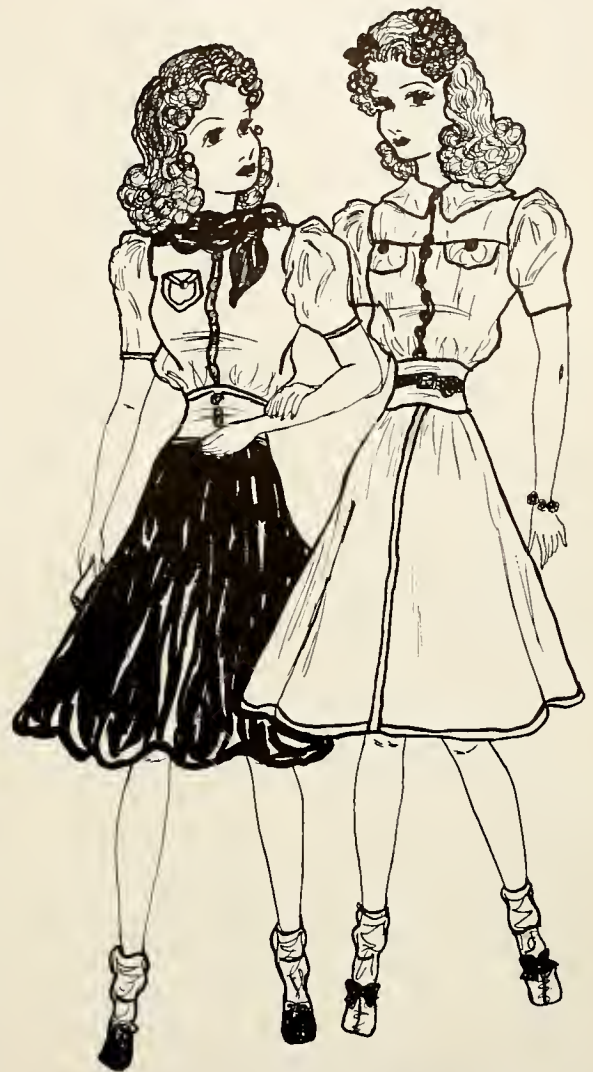
Rosina Fanning, Dorothy Franks, Dorothy Frost, Patricia Hardie, Norma Gray, Dorell Heffernan, Marian Helson, Anna Hubel, Doreen Hutchinson, Katherine Johnston, Ailwen Jones, Eleanor Kent, Therese de la Plante, Dorothy Larmer, Jean Leach, Laura Lee, Helen Moncrief, Nancy Moore, Joyce Pearson.

Gerald Ackford, Max Florence, Donald Goheen, Ralph Green, Leslie Groombridge, Clifford Hall, Donald Hamblin, Jack Hardill, Jim Hooper, Jim Harris, Leonard Hayes, Douglas Hill, Jack Hill, Kenneth Hotston, Chris Huffman, Jim Kay, Ray Kidd, Jim Laing, Bill Loomis, Harold Loudon, George Mackey, Jack Moore.

After three hours of frantic search I found some paper without gum on it. Another hour of hair pulling disclosed a bottle, with only an infinitesimal amount of ink; so I wrote with the charcoal from burnt matches. Before starting I set down my last will and testament and made the editor promise this article would be anonymous.

I am not going to mention anything about skipping school because there is a truant officer's son in our form, Bill Loomis, who might tell daddy. The late Mr. Mackey achieved his secret ambition by arriving on time, February thirtieth. Harold Loudon who does his best thinking when asleep, is usually awakened by strains of music from the four members of the Glee Club: Dorothy Frost, Patricia Hardie, Helen Moncrief, and Anna Hubel and also by the inharmonious crooning of Leslie Groombridge and Dorell Heffernan. Jim Hooper and Nancy Moore, our scholarship win-

ners, are establishing a homework bureau which does one's homework for a nominal fee. Max Florence and Jack Hill of the signalling corps, protect our school from sabotage — they would! Norma Gray doesn't know whether to accept Paramount's or Columbia's offer. Probably after her debut in the school play she won't have either choice. I see I've used up my three hundred words. If you don't believe me, count them. So long.



Drawing by VIOLA BREADMAN, IX J

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You can tell a second former
By the way she swells her chest.

You can tell a third former
By the way she's neatly dressed.

You can tell a fourth former
By her conscious pride and such.

You can tell a fifth former
But you can't tell her much.

STUDENTS!

If you are over the age limit for child's admission price, ask your Athletic Association Committee about SPECIAL STUDENTS' ADMISSION TICKETS available to members, or enquire at

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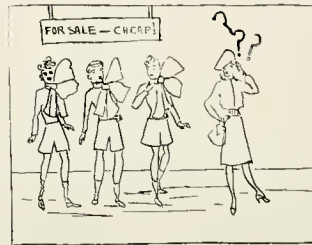
Phone 6803

IND. ARTS X CD BOY REQUIRES PARTNER

Ross Kirm spent Saturday night in the thriving town of Lakefield in search of a partner of the fairer sex.

Our two forms AB and CD are composed of some fifty boys of the hard-working type, such as Andy Basciano, Frank Boyle, Robert Lacey, Edmund Reid, and Paul Lazure. Although they do their homework at home, such brilliant students as James Thexton, Ernest Rutherford, Norris Dafoe, Walter Halladay, and Harry Johnson do a lot of writing before nine o'clock in the Assembly Hall.

If you are out shopping for good-looking boys, why not visit our form? We could fix up a prize package of handsome young men such as Reg Burns, Jack Carpenter, James



Young, Don Trude—or if you like, Alex Edwards in place of them all.

Robert Robertson has a sore nose as a result of teaching one of the weaker sex to box.

In the basket ball field we have two budding basketeers—Henry Clapham and Ray Routly. Top boy of the form was Garth Choate. In the boxing line we have David Baxter, Lionel Hart, Fred Mason, Ray Watson, Ralph McConkey, Craig Eason, Frank Gosselin, Jack McDonald, and Gerald Condon.

We would suggest that Robert Honour, Gordon Lee, Edward Hynes and Edward Bestard add an extra period to their time-tables to allow for their time after four each night.

Our brilliant history pupil, Don Ketchabaw, spends his

SP. COM. GIVES FORM TOUR

(Continued from Page 3)

writer," but let me point out that she is not related to the "Wizard of Oz." Don't Oz-k me how I know. Get it, I bet not?

Now, you will also see the only red-headed Eskimos in the world except in Alaska. They go under the name of Agnes Weir, Alan Moldaver, and Dorothy Harle. They will surprise you by singing "South of the Border." In fact, the farther south, the better you'll like it.

For the gentlemen who prefer blondes, we have Marjorie Foster, Dorothy Boyle, and Betty Middleton. We know of one gentleman who prefers blondes in general, one in particular. How about it, Ken?

There are still six or seven boys left in the room. Who knows, maybe Ted Johnston or Jim Milbourne will win a medal for typing, I doubt.

Mary Hall and Nora Corkery can give you legal advice if you need it. They should be called the Dorothy Dixes of Special Commercial.

I hope Phyllis Simpson and Elva Darling enjoy themselves those afternoons when the rest of us are struggling along. Of course, it is no struggle for such people as Audrey Dainton and Viola Davidson.

"The Songbird of P.C.V.S.", alias Olga Westbye, with Vivian Sullivan, and Don McKinlay, will all be on hand to show you the beautiful scenes of our Frozen Land. The main one is Joan Eldred.

Finally, just to make it realistic, Mary Clancy, Evelyn Hill, Bill Ferguson, Marjorie Benson, Rita Spencer, Harold Florence, Dorothy Kelly, Mary Stewart and Angeline Burns will each sit on a block of ice.

N.B.—Any similarity in this narrative to persons living or dead is certainly not a coincidence.

spare time watching the girls passing by the Assembly Hall. Jack Carter whiles away his

(Continued on Page 15)

IX F BOY WANTS TO BE A "STEW"

IN THE FUTURE:

Eleanor McIlmoyle: the wife of a bread-wagon driver.

Jerry Melton: Sonja Henie.

June Moore: an orchestra leader.

Betty Mantell: a grammar expert.

Phyllis Liddell: tap-dancer.

Margaret Mullen: a human talking machine.

AMBITIONS:

Don Kingdon: To burn every French text book in the world.

Yolanda Mattucci: Blues singer.

Tom Littlefair: To become a boxer.

Lawson: To become a sailor and roam the seas, with a sweetheart in every port.

Stew Joyes: That some day he will be called Stew instead of Stanley.

QUESTIONS:

Does Stanley Joyes need glasses or is it Beth (at whom he winks all the time?)

Why doesn't Monica Law-

less ever bring her own pencils, pens, etc., and stop saying "Gloria lend me etc., etc."?

SUGGESTIONS:

Anybody, knowing the whereabouts of Levasseur's brains just ignore this notice as he has mislaid them for so long, he wouldn't know how to use them anyhow.

Bob Lyons, Lenore Mather, and Vivien Martin could make quite a profit in selling their homework to those who never do any.

WANTED:

Somebody to do Herb Henry's homework and remind him to bring everything to school.

A muzzle for John Matchet to stop him from talking, also one for Lillico, and Jewell.

Ear-plugs and dark glasses to keep Lila from hearing and seeing what Marg. is doing and saying, and also a gag to keep her from laughing.

New excuses for not doing homework for King, Killing-

P.C.I. THOUGHT GREATLY IMPROVED

P. C. I. was greatly improved this year with the introduction of a new IX G. Now I shall proceed to tell a few tales about the new edition.

T. McCoullough forgot his books one day and when Miss Lees asked him the next day where he found them, he brightly told her "under a thousand hats." Any Moncrieff who wants to add style to his name, spell it like this

beck, Jones, Hogg, Kimball, Leeming and La Plant.

A mathematics teacher for Jeannette MacMorran, and a history teacher for Evelyn Knox.

Ruth Mashell is the genius who always knows the right answer in Mathematics.

If Laing sold all the thoughts that come into his mind during English he would be a millionaire (too bad he never thinks about the English.)

"Moncrieff." Rheta Nelson and Viola Neals have higher interests than school-work. The former's interest is in IV Industrial Arts, and the latter's in a young farmer on the Port Hope highway. Jean Powers knows the way out of examinations is measles.

Jeanne Metcalfe and Gordon Mathews would make a good pair, that is, as far as sports are concerned. B. Moore is the ancient historian of IX G. J. Pettersone and P. Meiklejohn are future movie stars, so say a second and third former. D. Mathias marches his turkey feet proudly up the desks to amuse his classmates. IX G thinks it is popular to be blessed with couples, having pairs each of Mills, Moores, and Moncriefs. We wonder why H. Murphy walks very stately past the piano in Miss Weddell's room. The remaining pupils are very satisfactory, so say all the teachers.—J.P.

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**FORM IX E FEARS
DISOWNING**

This is your form reporter, reporting for IX E, and a pleasure it is.

Who are the students who took highest honours during the fall term? . . . you are right, Lois Humphries, Jesse Lines, and Roy Howson. Who is the boy who thinks any time of day is all right to drop into school? . . . right again, George Gray.

Ken Hotrum (when he takes out time from chewing gum) is our handsome form representative. Ah, who is our rising star in volley-ball? . . . the answer—Audrey Lacey.

Why does IX E possess such tall, handsome lads as Hooper, Hanes, Hopgood, Hall, Hill, Hamlin, Hartshorn, Hanbidge, Howson, and Green? I'm afraid the other forms are out of luck.

Some of the smaller, yet by no means underestimated, lassies are Willene Hope, Gladly King, Joan Leslie, Dot Higgins, Maxine Kidd, Isobel Heath, June Killingbeck, Helen Hayward, Jean Lawson and Shirley Jeffries.

Why are John Hinton, Francis Hendren, and Byron Heath so quiet, when Glen Harrison, Arthur Gertley, and Wallace Harrison are always ready to talk?

I hope Miss Thompson won't disown us because of this summary!

**IX A HOLDS
VOLLEYBALL
PENNANT**

Let us drag you through an exhausting first period with IX A, just to give you an idea of what we suffer.

When the bell rings everybody squeals and rushes to the room. (It is always disappointing to find that second bell doesn't ring till about two minutes after you get there, isn't it?)

Well, Mr. Bamforth pops in to say, "Read from pages 60 to 70 and don't make any noise." Naturally we immediately start to make a terrific racket. You can't expect anything else from the champion talkers. After a while Mr. Bamforth comes in and asks a whole lot of questions which no one can answer, so he gives it up as a bad job.

That is how we go on, apparently doing nothing, but we seem to get somewhere because the Junior Girls Volleyball pennant is tacked up on the wall and Alan Boate, our head boy, did very well on the Christmas Exams.

Well, I feel that I'm wasting valuable space which might be used in a better way.

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HOUSEHOLD ARTS X IS PROUD OF JITTERBUG TEAM

Household Arts X is a small form—just an even two dozen. And are we bright? Well, June Wallis got a hundred in History!

Being familiar with the old proverb "the way to any man's heart is through his stomach", Eleanor Collins has decided to become one of those perfect old-time gals. Eileen Dauncey admits that she abhors work; so why waste time in getting her interested?

Margaret Lowe could give Miss Gerrard a real shock in sewing classes, but Irene Ellis amazes us all with her fast-flying fingers.

Agnes Reid put Keene on the map with her knowledge of making good button-holes.

Small but efficient Volleyball sports are Leah Davis and Vera Mitchell, while Shirley Butler and Lamoyne Cook lend a decorative touch to the gymnasium wall.

I just know Irene Moore, celebrated skater of her neighborhood, will succeed Sonja Henie.

Mary Hanlon, our (shy??) young Spanish miss, is just

what the musical world has been looking for: Joyce Gallagher and Freda Gray, our jitterbug team, will go far on their dancing feet.

I was glad our form had at least one representative at the School At Home. Agnes Pogue is still thrilled.

We often wonder why Phyllis Doughty's sentences always begin with "Er—um—ah." Could it be the uncertainty of love?

Jean McCall is our little lady in red, small and shy, but very sweet.

Twinkling-eyed Irene Stewart and serious brown-eyed Evelyn Tedford are both small. But don't pick a quarrel with them. (They're dangerous.)

Do gentlemen prefer blondes? If so, Dorothy Tedford and Phyllis Constable are the lucky ones in our form.

Marian Barrett adds the colour to our form. She is Miss Montgomery's star pupil. Fern Brown is runner-up.

FORM IX D HARBOURS FUTURE ORCHESTRA LEADER



Form IX D is a class which ranges in height from four feet to six feet. Our teachers are always getting mixed up in our names. But who would not, with two Ruth Florence's, three Gray girls, four

Fergusons and three Forbes. The boys of IX D are fresh air fiends. As soon as they get into a room, the windows are thrown sky high and the radiators turned off. The girls shiver and complain and say the boys are very thoughtless.

Classmates of Don De Noble predict a great future for him as a band leader.

Several of the boys in IX D have joined the Officers' Training Corps. They think Jim Frape will be a second Cromwell.

John Edmison always manages to get ink all over his face. Wes Ellis says he takes an ink bath.

(Continued on Page 15)

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IX H SUSPECTS ATTEMPTED SUICIDE (IN GYM)

IX H is just full of Literary lights—Pauline Kempt, Pearl Spooner, Art Peeling, and Poulson. There is an important question circulating among the girls, "Where did Pope get his permanent?" We also have a giggling bee. The most noteworthy members are:

Misses Perry, Reid, Stenton, Rose, Quirt and Poast. Audrey Powell is noted for getting away with chewing gum. Cordel Palmers' favourite drink is cough medicine and Payne is a candy fiend. A queer class, aren't we?

Tutors are greatly in de-

mand in our form. We would like one to teach Peeling to whistle, one to teach Rogers to spell, one to teach Pierce to write and one to tell Babs Rishor to dot her I's. Don Roode, Jack Parsons, and Gerald Powell are hockey heroes.

Who would have suspected that Gerald Padgett, alias Don Matchett, was so familiar with the gangster world? Noyes has been well named. Panter looks like an angel, but, we wonder. O'Brien might prove to be someone if he could remember his verb "to be." Joan Penhall may be short, but she certainly is sweet. (On whom?) The orchestra would be improved if Outram's tooting were omitted. What is discussed in the daily conversation between Art Roode and Audrey Simpson? Olive Riel is our little red-head and Helen Riley our Katherine Hepburn. Velma Stuart in a depressed moment tried to hang herself in the gymnasium. Reid is constantly in trouble for lending his textbooks to his friends. Who is the inspiration behind Nicholls' improvement? Alas, Agnes needs such a guiding light.

Some of us fear we are intoxicated when we see two Blanche Quinns arrive for every class. (Explanation—the second girl carries the attendance board.)

A ROMEO IN EVERY FORM

Form IX J is a very ambitious and studious class, fortunate, this year, to have, in such an intelligent group, many professions. Among these we have two toot-tooting musicians, Jack Taylor and Walter Wheeler, who are members of our school orchestra. We have also secured an expert artist, Viola Breadman, whose skilful etchings have been the envy of the whole class.

It would be a very pleasant surprise to the teachers of IX J if there was not a Romeo in the class room. This seems to be Wilbert Edgar's profession, especially when he tries to draw the girls' attention by performing his daily side shows.

Gum Chewers seem to infest every room. Jack Waldron, who enjoys his gum, never seems to think other people also like gum. He is very parsimonious with his supply.

It would please Miss Thompson if Norma Wallace would consult a colour chart when selecting her shade of lipstick. Miss O'Connell seems very troubled and annoyed about Harry Wilford's cold. Why not take up a collection and buy him some cough medicine to soothe her shattered nerves?

(Continued on Page 15)

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DAY OR NIGHT SERVICE

APPLE SAUCE NOW SERVED WITH SALT IN IX B

A typical Monday in IX B starts off when everybody arrives in a bit of a daze after the week-end. When they reach the form-room, however, they brighten up, as the room is usually cold.

L. Cadigan starts off the day by running around trying to find somebody with ink. When G. Crofts arrives you can count on half-period being here. Everybody gets busy but F. Craig and B. Campbell, who continue to sleep.

During English nothing exceptional happens except maybe L. Collins, T. Carruthers, and Y. Clarke have their homework done.

An example of a morning after the night before happens in cooking class when J. Brisco puts salt in her applesauce.

If R. Blondin and D. Barret could get through the period without arguing, Miss Brisbin would consider it some sort of a miracle.

If J. Collins and J. Csumrick could ever answer a French question, Miss Moore would think she had accomplished something.

Here's an example of a conversation with a teacher.

Mr. Bamforth (asking the class how much time they

spend on their homework each night): "Well Bianco, how much time did you spend?"

Bianco: "None."

Mr. Bamforth: "Why? Do you work after school?"

Bianco: "No, sir."

Mr. Bamforth: "After supper?"

Bianco: "No, sir."

Mr. Bamforth: "Why then, haven't you time?"

Bianco: "I go to the hockey games!"

P.S.—It seems F. Craig, elected reporter, only wanted his picture for his best girl, for after that he handed the job to a girl.

IND. ARTS X CD

(Continued from Page 10)

leisure moments talking to Mary Dalliday.

Although not outstanding in any one particular sport, we have the following all round athletes—Frank Fisher, Jack Whittaker, James Record, Jack Williams, George Sanderson, Dick Watkins, Bruce Embury, Kenneth Marshall, Conroy Crellin, Roger Hanbidge, Reginald Packer, Erven Parnell and Pent Wellwood.

A ROMEO

(Continued from Page 14)

Looking through the glass of the future we can see Jack Tighe as a second Ned Sparks, Clara Walsh as another Madame Curie, and Tom Walsh trying to excel Sir Malcolm Campbell as he streaks over the sands. The Wyatt twins will be competing for the world fame of the Siamese twins, and as the final gong sounds we visualize the heavyweight rivals, Fred Wright and Youdon, as the future Louis and Schmeling battlers, announced by that long - winded, blow-by-blow microphone announcer, Audrey young.—B.Y.

BAND LEADER

(Continued from Page 13)

The girls agree that some day Pauline Fanning will be a second Florence Nightingale because she is so kind and helpful.

Walter Dummitt, the "bookworm," is always reading books. Or is he?

In a dream of the sights on George Street twenty years from now, Jim Donohue saw a sign which read "Social Life Insurance," with John Franks, Manager, and George Green, Assistant Manager.

This is the space reserved for the Confucius joke that got censored.

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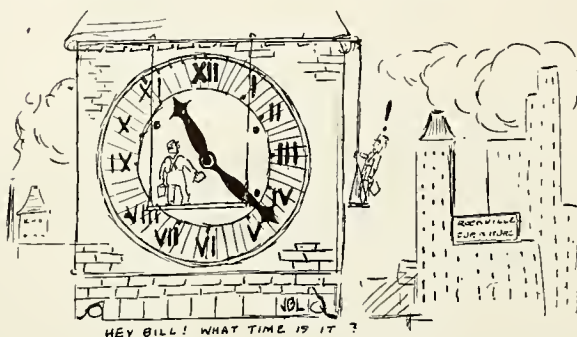
PHONE 9641

JUST OFF GEORGE

C'EST À RIRE

School Ediquette

1. Never be on time for school. The discussions with the principal which follow are very valuable.
2. If you do happen to arrive on time never enter class room until the second bell is ringing. The teacher having already marked you absent, will likely single you out for special attention during the lesson.
3. At three minutes to four close your books and pile them neatly on the desk and wait for the bell to ring. After all, no teacher can expect you to work after the bell has rung.
4. When you leave school early make as much noise as you can at your locker, and walk noisily past all the classes in session. This arouses the envy of all the pupils and you will gain a reputation (?) with all the teachers.



Hey Bill! What time is it?

Woman (WO)

Chemistry!

Occurrence!

1. Wherever men exist!
2. Inhuman element of human family.

Properties:

1. Physical—Occurs in all sizes and colours. Appears in disguised conditions, usually found under coating of cosmetics. Boils at nothing and may freeze easily. Melts when carefully handled. Very bitter under adverse conditions. Has great magnetic attraction.
2. Chemical—extremely active. Has a great affinity for precious metals and stones. Violently reactive in presence of man. Turns green in presence of finer sample. Ages and deteriorates rapidly. Reaches viciously in presence of expensive foods.

Uses:

1. Adorning magazine covers.
1. Helping men spend money.

Test:

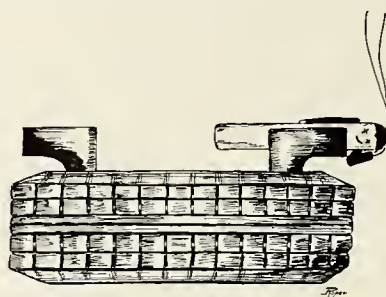
Take one out and find out for yourself.

Warning:

Highly explosive. Poison to inexperienced.

Vox Lycei, 1937

What the drunken cigarette said: "Pud me oud before I make an ash of me self."



Miss Park: "Spell 'marriage,' Ferguson."

Bill: "I can't. Marriage isn't a word, it's a sentence."

Mr. Browne: If a man can do one fourth of a piece of work in four days, how long will it take him to finish it?

Jim Harvey: Is it a government contract or is he working for himself?

A certain blonde in IV A thinks rugby fans are a device for cooling rugby players.

Identification Card

NAME—At home Junior, at school "Butch."

ADDRESS—I live with my mother and father.

PHONE No.—See phone book.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT NOTIFY—Hospital and ambulance.

MOTHER, NAME—Maw.

FATHER, NAME—Pop.

HEIGHT—5'8" in the shade (will fit comfortably in six foot coffin.)

WEIGHT—(by Kresge scale).....149

(by Woolworth scale).....161

(at express office).....185

(This was taken after dinner but I think the scales were broken anyway.)

Average170

AUTO MAKE—About ten miles an hour.

HAT SIZE—Four sizes too big (before hair cut 8, after hair cut 7 1/4)

SHOES—Tens, but elevens so comfortable I take twelve.

NECK—You bet.

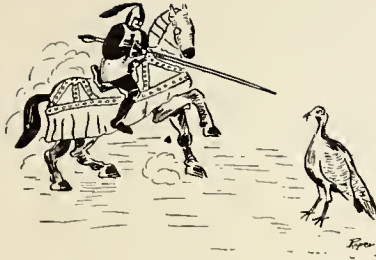


Boys have lots of pockets.
Girls have none.
That's why boys
Pay for all the fun.

Mr. Weames (to new drummer): "Hush man, doesn't your music say 'rest'?"

New Drummer: "Sure, but I'm not tired yet."

Howlers



The crusades
were when the
Christians
went and
fought the
Turkeys.

The brain of a woman is almost as heavy as a human brain.

The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermine.

A seaplane is equipped with pantaloons to keep it afloat.

When a man's emotions are aroused, he is apt to do something he will regret the rest of his life, such as commit suicide.

Ex officio is Latin for unemployed.

English girl wishing to take a taxi: "Cocher êtes-vous fiancé?"

"Non Mademoiselle."

"Alors prenez-moi."

On her small feet scandals were tied.

There will always be men and women in the world so they must be taken for granted. If you want anything different, you must go somewhere else and then you won't find it.

Belle is the female of gong.

The centaurs were half hoarse because they had to live in damp caves.

Mr. Henry (operating the air pump): "You will notice this machine is operated by a crank."

Mary Strickland (translating Virgil): "I cry for arms and a man."
"Oh my, this is going to be thrilling."

Communism: If you have two cows you give one to your neighbour.

Socialism: If you have two cows the government takes them both and gives you the milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows, you keep them, but the government takes the milk and sells it back to you.

Nazism: If you have two cows, the government shoots you and takes them both.

Anarchism: If you have two cows, everybody milks them and takes a slice of steak.



FOR THE LAST TIME, HIPPLENAITE -
TAKE OFF THOSE TRAP-SHOOTING
BADGES!

The three chief races of man are sprints, hurdles, and long distances.

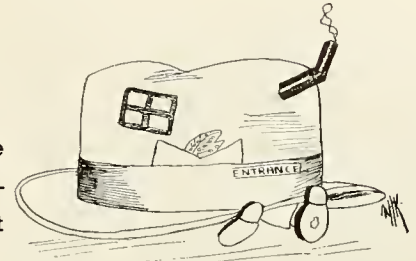
Hygiene is keeping clean where it doesn't show.

Caesar secundum ventum nactus.
Caesar having got his second wind.

Literary criticism:

"She hase virgins many
Fresh and fair,
Yet you are more sweet than any."

I like this poem because it describes the violets ever so well.



Il a un crêpe
au chapeau —
he has crept
into his hat.

A monologue is a conversation with a girl.

Fran Belleghem wants to know who waters the bulbs at the electric light plant.

Bob Crocker's definition of America is a land flowing with beer and honeys.

In the eighteenth century travelling was much more romantic for the high roads were bridal and you might meet anything.

Shakespeare often said "Go to," but having been on the stage he knew where to stop.

Pooh: "Between the two of us what do you think of Jane Strickland?"

Thompson: "Between the two of us not so good, but alone, very nice!"

Have you heard about the cat that crossed the desert? His name was Sandy Claws.

"Here's where I lose ground," said Alec Young as he plunged into the bath.

If you can't sleep try lying on the edge of the bed, you may drop off.

Mr. Graham: "What's the formula for water?"

Marg. Lawrie: "H₂O."

Mr. Graham: "What's the formula for sea water?"

Marg.: "C H₂O."

Voice from Upstairs: "Jean, hasn't that young man gone home yet?"
 Jean Johnston (sweetly): "Yes Daddy dear, this is another one."

Biddy: "I suppose that you have been in the navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs."

Middy: "Lady, I wasn't even looking."



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through —*



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 Central Ontario Branch
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Advice Column

By Professor Schnipperschnapper

Dear Professor:

My dog has fleas. What can I do to rid him of them?

Yours sincerely,

WORRIED.

Dear Worried:

Rub the dog with alcohol and sand. The fleas will then get intoxicated and throw rocks at each other. This is guaranteed to kill them outright.

PROFESSOR SCHNIPPERSCHNAPPER.

Dear Professor:

I am in trouble. I can marry a girl with tons of money or I can marry a poor girl whom I love. Which shall I do?

Yours (till the cellar stairs).

CEDRIC VANDERWATER.

Dear Cedric Vanderwater:

Shame on you for even considering marrying a girl for her money. By all means follow your heart's desire and marry the one you love.

PROFESSOR SCHNIPPERSCHNAPPER.

P.S.—Please send rich girl's phone number.

Enlightning!!

Setting: Outside Mr. C. S. Browne's room before nine o'clock.

Subject: A new shop downtown.

Characters: P.C.I.'s darlings.

First darling to second darling in a loud shrill voice "I think it's darling, simply adorable, don't you?"

Second darling continues "Simply perfect," millions of adorable dresses."

Third darling throws her arms around first darling's neck in ecstasy, she thinks it's darling too. "There goes the darling bell." (We wonder what P.C.I.'s co-eds (guess who) would do without the word "darling.")



Dave: "My car's at the door."

Berta: "Yes, I can hear it knocking."

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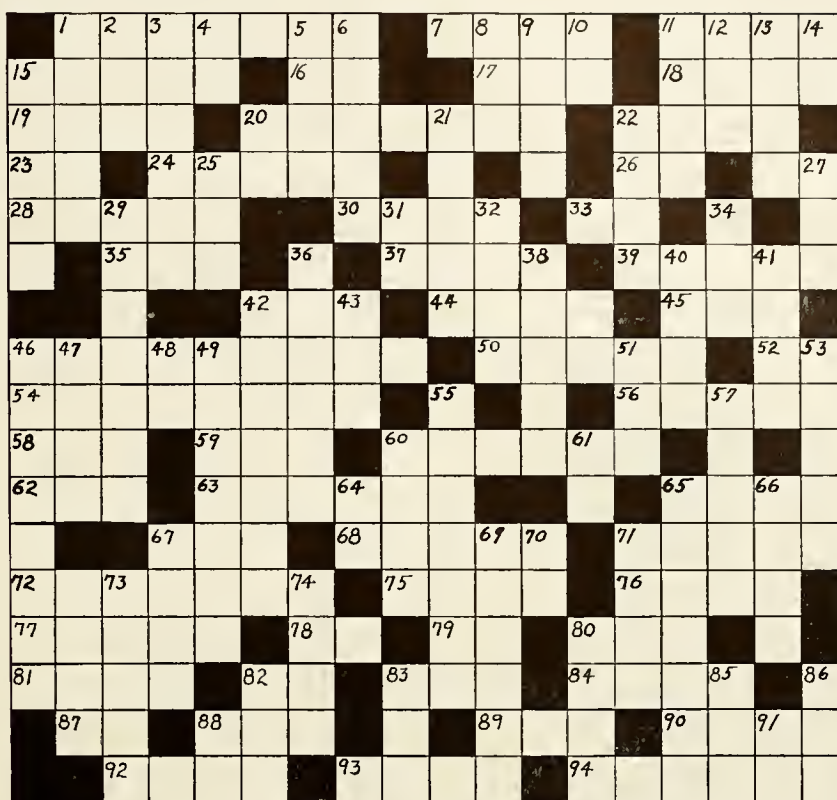
187 CHARLOTTE ST.

PHONE 7481

So You Think You Know P.C.V.S.!!

Horizontal

1. What the First Aid Corps needs.
7. Creations!
11. Who won the last election?
15. Kind of face you pull when you want a pink slip.
16. Latin for alas!
17. The three best known initials among moochers.
18. Half the base times the altitude.
19. 40% is an ill — for your future.
20. Why V B hopes we have a long assembly.
22. Promoted from water boy to manager.
23. Short for Emma.
24. If you can't guess this one you're —.
26. A tall red-headed basketball player.
28. French for confusion.
30. Ted Clarke playing basketball is a —.
33. Correlative conjunction with either.
35. It's not smirk nor work, but what Al Moldaver does to teachers.
37. Swing and — with Sammy Kay.
39. Trouble children — (ask the boys).
42. Short for incorporated.
44. Gas used in signs.
45. The definite article.
46. It's a racquet.
50. A subtle punch.
52. Mr. Zavitz's pet expression.
54. The longer the better.
56. What Mr. Henry aims to do with the aid of his almanac.
58. Italian for my.
59. Algernon Oliver Edmonds.
60. What Stroyan Leith does on attack.
62. The elf's name in Polly Wolly Doodle.
63. Amass.
65. Shakespeare's most tragic king.
67. A baronet.
68. Rhett Butler.
71. Dairy (printer's error).
72. Lobby.
75. The bane of the officers' picnic.
76. It's in *The Echoes'* motto.
77. Two times.
78. No! No! a thousand times — (subtle, eh?)
79. Egyptian sun god.
80. — of Iris Fitzgerald isn't very much.
81. P.C.I.'s Wizard of Oz.
82. Anno Domini.
83. What Rae Borland has the gift of.
84. Describes a person who has left his books at home.
87. A girl in X A Commercial with



- the same two initials.
88. What Bashful was.
89. The mascot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
90. A freshie's girl friend.
92. Caesar's overcoat.
93. What makes the world go round.
94. Where Artie Shaw's one foot was.

Vertical

1. French for what keeps the doctor away.
2. Modern spelling for an old fashioned ailment.
3. It follows an engine and describes a good steak.
4. Assimilated form of in meaning not.
5. Basketball, baseball and hockey star of P.C.I.
6. Hold that — !"
8. Cold in assembly, hot in rooms, and scarce in lower halls.
9. Source of warts 'tis said.
10. With an "e" it makes "Sweet —".
11. Something which should be hit on the head.
12. Noah's yacht.
13. To swerve quickly (Sackville).
14. Exclamation of derision.
15. Barrie Jack and Masefield write them.
20. Indefinite article before a vowel.
21. Four teachers.
22. A blond in IV A.
25. When Gwennie sees a mouse (mild).
27. The fatal word.
29. Northern suburb of Peterborough often beaten on rugby field.
31. Third singular present of verb to be.
32. Robbie Burns would say "taken" like this.
34. The chief.
36. A baby ant.
38. The alleged best part of life.
40. A detail.
41. A member of the Commercial staff.
42. A boat with motor inside.
43. What Beverly White is.
46. De Coach.
47. The mysterious east.
48. The most important person in the world.
49. If you can't get this, use imagination.
51. It escapes from Chemistry lab, just when you're working up an appetite.
53. Camera club orator and authority.
55. Princess Alumna.

(Continued on Page 79)

A guard in the Insane Asylum found one of the inmates writing a letter.

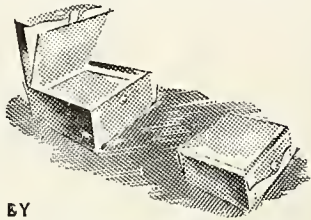
"Who are you writing to?" he asked.

"I am writing to myself," said the man.

"What is in the letter?"

"How should I know? I shall not receive it till the day after tomorrow."

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Greta Giles

190 Charlotte Street

Heard In The Echoes' Office

Editor: "Oh definitely!"

Mary Hall: "Blotters please!"

Frank Smoke's motto: More white space!

Hugh Kenner: "Shall we bleed the Students' Council?"

Maralin Munro: "Isn't that adorable!"

Beverly White (frantically): "Shears!"

Bunny Bunnell: "Do you think the censors will get this one?"

Bob Carley: "May I have the little black book?"

Tom Lillico (agitated voice): "What about this?"

Miss McGregor: "What are you doing tonight?"

Barb Scott: "What kind of dog is that?"

Gwen Bond: "He's a police dog."

Barb: "He doesn't look like a police dog."

Gwennie: "Well, he's in secret service."

He leaped gaily up the front steps, flowers under one arm, a box of chocolates under the other. At the door he was confronted by her little brother.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo."

"Sister expecting me?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out."

Miss Brisbin: "When Alexander had conquered India, do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate it? No, he sat down and wept. Why?"

Clarke: "Perhaps he didn't know his way back."

Don Duncan: "Did you see that swell looking girl over there smiling at me?"

Jim Lillico: "Yes, she's too polite to laugh."

Traffic officer (to a couple parked in car): "Don't you see that sign, 'Fine for parking?'"

Ted Clarke: "Sure officer and I agree."

"And what is your name, my good man?"

"No. 9765F."

"Is that your real name?"

"Naw, dot's me pen name."



If Benny Goodman was warden of Kingston Penitentiary, would all the convicts have to swing?

He's starting to ask me out again but I hate men who revive every spring.

Margaret Clarkson: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

Dorothy Clarke: "Oh, so that's the reason for so much make-up."

Mr. Pettit: "When I was a young man, girls knew how to blush."

John Hooper: "Why Mr. Pettit, whatever did you say to them?"

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Peterborough

Silently one by one
In the little black books of our
teachers
Blossom the little zeros
The forget-me-nots of the teachers.

Bite off more than you can chew,
Then chew it.
Plan more than you can do,
And do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat and there you
are.—*Anon.*

Bill Wheeler: "A little birdie told
me I was going to pass in Latin."
Miss McGregor: "He must have
been a little cuckoo."

Don't forget to keep your shoes
polished. You can shine at one end
if you can't at the other.

He had deliberately choked her,
yes deliberately he had choked her,
and now with clinched first he stood
looking at her. Suddenly he raised
his foot and kicked her but she gave
no sign of life. He gave her another
kick, there was a shudder, a tremour
of life, then—the engine broke into
life, the man got into the car, shifted
gears, and drove away.

The hardest time to get a babe to
sleep is when she is eighteen.

Scandal is when nobody did any-
thing and somebody told it.

So: "What is Australia bounded
with?"
What: "Kangeroos."

Rogers chugged painfully up to
the gate of the rugby field.
Bob Garner demanded the usual
admittance fee and added, "A dime
for the car." Rogers looked up with
a sigh of relief and said, "Sold."

Marg. Wood: "Let's stop dancing
for a while."
Bill Ferguson: "I thought you said
you could die dancing."
Marg. Wood: Yes, but I didn't
say anything about being trampled
to death."

What did Juliet say when she met
Romeo in the balcony?
Ans. Couldn't you get seats in the
Orchestra?

Harold Matthews (driving into a
service station): "Will you please
give me one pint of gasoline, one
cup of water, and two thimblefuls of
oil?"
Operator (at station): "Would
you like me to whistle in your tires?"

Vertical

(Continued from Page 77)

57. All the vowels.
60. Don calls Goldie this.
61. Short for Barb Scott.
64. He teaches Chemistry and
Physics.
65. Princeps Alumnus.
66. They go in coat sleeves.
67. — is life.
69. Law term.
70. Preposition and pronoun in
French.
71. Berta.
73. Describes a miser and a drunk-
ard.
74. Two boys in P.C.I. with the same
moniker.
80. When the time table goes up,
everyone gets this way.
83. "— my proud beauty," said
the villain.
85. Big surprise.
86. Horace wrote them.
91. She's circulation manager of our
magazine.

(Answers on Page 84)

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Manager

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I was a tree in the forest,
A chunk of pulp in the mill,
I might have been Robinson Crusoe,
But they made me "Selections from Virgil."

I could have made small boys happy,
I could have made grown men glad,
But they made me "Selections from Virgil"—
Now I make all Latin scholars sad.

Slipping ice—pretty thin
Pretty girl—tumbled in
Boy on bank—heard the shout
Jumped right in—pulled her out
Now they're friends—pretty nice
But first she had—to break the ice.

Rae Borland: "Say, barber, how long will I have to wait
for a shave?"

Barber: "About two years, sonny."

Cannibal: "We've just captured Pork Johnston."

Chief: "Hurray! I was hoping for a good ham sandwich."

Nurse: "I think he's regaining consciousness, Doctor; he
tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

John Bannister: "Have you an opening for a high school
graduate?"

Manager: "Yes, it's right behind you. Would you mind
closing it on your way out?"

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New Regulations For The Middle and Upper School Examinations

There will be no Middle School Departmental examinations in 1940. There will be no change in the Upper School Departmental examinations in 1940. In 1941 all candidates will be required to write the Upper School Departmental examinations. Provision is made for private study candidates who require Middle School certificates in 1940 under the following provision of the Order-in-Council by which the Middle School examinations have been discontinued:

"Middle School (Grades XI and XII) standing may be granted to a pupil who, for reasons satisfactory to the principal of a Collegiate Institute, High, Continuation or Vocational School, did not attend school for all or part of the school year, and has prepared himself by private study, and has taken such tests as the Principal has prescribed, and is recommended by the Principal at not less than 50 per cent. Such pupil shall communicate with the Principal not later than the first day of March in order that the Principal may arrange for the tests mentioned above and shall undertake to pay to the Principal the fee required for such tests. If a fee is imposed it shall not exceed \$2.00 a paper."

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Silent Night (Continued from Page 19)

for the conversation which followed. Perhaps Marguerite's first cry unnerved him, for it was: "Otto," she cried, and the man lowered his hands and stepped forward to take his wife in his arms.

"Marguerite," he said, and the ring in his voice was low and husky, telling of much suffering, and hardship, and longing.

As in a dream, Anton heard him tell of his desertion, his flight, his coming here, and—and then something broke in Anton, and he lowered his revolver and crept noiselessly down the terrace—for he heard Otto ask for his son.

His head was a turmoil of two voices, of Otto's husky question: "My boy, Marguerite?" and another, clanging, insistent, filled with the sound of steel, and locks, and duty, unflinching duty, and then Otto's voice again: "My son, my son—?"

He reached the car, opened the door.

"They're very much alert now," he said, "we had best drive on up the road and wait."

He started the motor—it was quite quiet, thank God!—and the car slid silently on to the gravel and up the road.

"The lights, Anton?"—this in a whisper.

"They may see them," he whispered back.

Anton von Essendorf smiled to himself in the darkness, and he heard only the voice of Otto saying, softly and happily, softly and happily now: "My son, my son, my son—"

The Wutach river below the heights of Nordenwerk is deep and swift. There would be little trace of any car that crashed the guard railing at the turn, where the cliff falls steeply down to the foaming Wutach, far, far below.

Answers To Crossword Puzzle

Answers, Vertical

1—Pomme. 2—Ake. 3—Tender. 4—If. 5—Nels. 6—Tiger. 8—Air. 9—Toad. 10—Su. 11—Nail. 12—Ark. 13—Veer. 14—Ya. 15—Poems. 20—An. 21—Brown. 22—Marg. 25—Eek. 27—Yes. 29—Lindsay. 31—Is. 32—Tae'n. 34—H.R.H. 36—Antlet. 38—Youth. 40—Item. 41—Lees. 42—Inboard. 43—Coy. 46—Bamforth. 47—Asia. 48—Me. 49—Imagine. 51—Gas. 53—Henry. 55—Barbara. 57—U, O, E, A, I. 60—Dear. 61—Ed. 64—H.G. 65—Lillico. 66—Arms. 67—Such. 69—Liable. 70—En. 71—Doll. 73—Tight. 74—Andy. 80—Agog. 83—Aha. 85—Boo. 86—Ode. 91—Ev.

Answers, Horizontal

1—Patient. 7—Hats. 11—Navy. 15—Poker. 16—Ei. 17—I.O.U. 18—Area. 19—Omen. 20—Algebra. 22—Mike. 23—Em. 24—Dense. 26—Al. 28—Melee. 30—Riot. 33—Or. 35—Irk. 37—Sway. 39—Girls. 42—Inc. 44—Neon. 45—The. 46—Badminton. 50—Nudge. 52—Eh. 54—Assembly. 56—Amuse. 58—Mia. 59—A.O.E. 60—Dashes. 62—Fay. 63—Gather. 65—Lear. 67—Sir. 68—Gable. 71—Diary. 72—Rotunda. 75—Rain. 76—Olim. 77—Twice. 78—No. 79—Ra. 80—All. 81—Hugh. 82—A.D. 83—Gab. 84—Glib. 87—H.H. 88—Shy. 89—Leo. 90—Co-ed. 92—Toga. 93—Love. 84—Groove.

Frost (Continued from Page 27)

ney had given the "position" to her without hesitation. She was to start work right away. Also, as Mary was quick to notice, he was young and handsome and gay and kind.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Whitney," she cried with happy excitement. "I know I shall enjoy the work and am I glad to get it!"

Looking at the shining eyes and ruffled curls, Michael replied gaily, his eyes smiling at her: "And I know you are going to be the ideal secretary. We can both begin thanking our stars for each other."

In the evening Mary burst into the tiny living room, ready to cry out her good fortune to Danny. But she halted suddenly in the doorway. Danny was sleeping, a soft smile on his lips, his face turned toward his frosted window. He was far away in his entrancing land of Make-Believe.

Mary walked lightly over to his couch and slipped to her knees beside the sleeping boy.

"Danny boy," she whispered, "Your Crystal must have been with me today; such luck as I have had!"

Then, as she looked at the sleeping boy and the pretty patterns on the window pane, her thoughts rushed away happily, eagerly, to the glorious winter months ahead—months that would be full of new joy and perhaps, who knew, romance.

Minutes later, jumping briskly to her feet to prepare supper for Danny, she waved her hand gaily at Danny's window saying, "Thanks awfully, Jack Frost."

Millionaire (addressing students): "All my success, all my prestige I owe to one thing alone. And that is pluck—pluck—pluck."

Student: "Yes, sir, but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

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A Night At The Theatre

(Continued from Page 35)

across the aisle. At this point the feature ended and the light came on. The vaudeville was about to begin. A magician appeared on the stage. The first thing he asked was if some kind gentleman would come up and assist him in his act.

"How about you?" he said and his finger was pointing at me.

I had no alternative and everyone around me urged me to go up. When I reached the top of the steps leading to the stage, he began pulling yards of cloth from me. He then started to take

eggs out from behind my ears. I was never so embarrassed in all my life, and finally he extracted a whole fortune in coins from my pockets. I was glad when he told me that I might leave, but he insisted that I take a very large rabbit in return for my services. I had to walk up the aisle of the theatre amid the laughter of the audience. When I met Jim outside, he nearly died laughing at me. The crowd around the theatre were laughing at me also, making a public spectacle out of me. I was holding an over-sized rabbit in my hand and had no idea what to do with it. When I finally reached my home, I made up my mind that this would be my last visit to the theatre in a long time.

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Wings of Death

(Continued from Page 34)

black smoke streaming from their motors nosed downwards towards the depths of Dover Strait to a watery grave.

The rest of the fight was guerilla warfare with hostile ships darting here and there letting out short bursts of machine gun fire with the deadly accuracy of a hawk pursuing its prey.

While the enemy Fokkers engaged the defending English Camels, the five remaining big bombers set their noses towards home with a full cargo of deadly bombs still unreleased. The other Nazi ships turned tail also, beaten by the superior marksmanship and skill of the British. Although worthy opponents, the German machines returned with heavy losses, and another great victory was claimed by the Royal Air Force.

A Dream

(Continued from Page 25)

I could see the hoof-marks made by the milkman's horse in the snow; but who was that standing in the middle of the road with staring, bloodshot eyes and gesticulating arms? It was Karloff, standing on the horse's head, waiting to catch me. Those ghastly, hypnotic eyes were drawing me towards his outstretched arms like a magnet whose attractive force I was powerless to resist. As he reached out a long sinewy hand and grasped me by the throat the horse started to laugh the latest popular tune. It was, appropriately enough, "Are You Having Any Fun?"

I awoke half-strangled by the sheets entwined about my neck and with the noise of the alarm clock jangling in my ears.

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Spies In Dover (Continued from Page 23)

a bowler hat and what I hope was an official glare, I stumped up the steps and knocked at the door.

Wilson's face appeared around the edge of the door and he murmured "Hello!" in a scared tone. Evidently he was suspicious of me.

"Good afternoon!" I replied and pushed my way pompously into the room. "Are we alone?" I inquired bluntly.

"Why yes." He immediately started to whine as he realized that his suspicions were all too true. "I couldn't go and get it, honestly I couldn't! My hand was crushed; I was unconscious; you can't do anything to me for that! I couldn't help it!"

By this time the poor wretch was almost sobbing and beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

"Well, you are excused this time! You're not to do anything for us for the next month and you must not go near the restaurant. Remember that now! You definitely must not go near the place or he may not be so kind the next time."

My last speech was a masterpiece. I was stabbing the air with my forefinger in a way which I hoped was the regulation way for a high pressure spy lecturer. The agent literally wilted with relief.

I had all the information required, so I left

the house and we drove home. Jim suggested letting the police finish the matter, but my appetite for sleuthing was whetted and I hated to give up this chance of excitement for the humdrum of every-day life.

All the next week we tried to locate "J's" offices but without success. We decided to wait until we met the messenger again and see if we could trick him into telling us. According, the following day, as I was seated at the same table in the restaurant, the messenger approached me with another envelope.

"Good afternoon," he said with the same Eskimo grin.

"How do you do?" I replied, and then handed him my own letter explaining why I had no success in finding the depth below the first floor of the ammunition magazine. I put on a look of ill-concealed concern, and whispered, "Where's J"? I heard the authorities were on to him and he'd left!"

"Well, he did have to move, though there's nothing serious. You'll find it all here." He tapped the envelope which lay on the table significantly.

This was just another stroke of luck! There was about one chance in fifty of our getting an address in the message, and we had gotten it the second time.

Jim was waiting in the car and we hurried to see the man who had done the decoding for

(Continued on Page 91)

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Spies In Dover (Continued from Page 89)

me before. I waited impatiently for three hours before the job was finished. It appeared that I had to go to a newly-opened stationery shop in the business section and say to any of the clerks—

"I'd like to see the manager," at the same time slicking a coin on the desk as I said "Manager".

By now I was tired of continually puzzling my brains so we went to see the Chief at the Criminal Investigation Department and within two hours I was standing outside the stationery shop again in the company of two detectives. Naturally I was rather nervous as I remembered vividly the way Wilson had acted and I expected "J" to resist arrest.

I entered first and spoke to the clerk, clicking the coin on the counter at the right moment. The clerk told me to follow him, but I paused a moment and lit a cigarette — the signal to the detectives to come in. I could not help admiring the clerk. Immediately he realized something was amiss and started explaining that the manager had just left. However, one of the detectives took charge and ordered the clerk to proceed. As he did so, a car stopped in front of the shop with four constables who entered and started leading the other clerks out of the door. By now the clerk

had lost his suave manner and ushered us up three flights of stairs and motioned to a door marked "Private". Now that the great moment was at hand, I was suddenly overtaken by an attack of stage fright. My knees were knocking together, my breath came in short gasps.

Strangely enough, there was absolutely no resistance. "J" looked up at us, opened his mouth to speak — and then suddenly all the colour drained from his face. He sat there as if petrified. One of the Yard men calmly walked around the desk and snapped the handcuffs on one of the most dangerous saboteurs of his age.

There followed a long succession of arrests and a lengthy court action. The ring-leaders were hanged and the remainder given sentences ranging from two to twenty years. In addition we were given some financial reimbursement by the insurance company for saving a great deal of money.

The affair was finally cleared up and we were both heartily glad to have finished with the incident. The main objective of the organization, fostered by a European nation, had been to blow up the entire coastal defence of Dover and the adjacent areas by the use of mines. The result would have been the destruction of some of Britain's main defences. We were both overwhelmed at the thought of what might have happened but even so we had enjoyed it, and as Jim remarked afterwards, "There's the financial reimbursement to spend!"

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History of Hats

(Continued from Page 32)

In the early twentieth century, as automobiles came into being, and soon became speedier, the hats were small and close-fitting, and the women tied them tightly with scarves.

Finally we reach the modern era of "head-dresses." To-day women wear small hats, large hats, snoods, wimples, and many others. And so we come to the end of the "Parade of Hats."

Unfinished Business

(Continued from Page 30)

press he could imitate Adolf well enough by candle-light. Then he rang for the orderly and told him to bring a wheel-barrow, while I stood back in the shadows like a Prussian sergeant-major. We had all kinds of fears lest the orderly should meet the real Hitler in the passage, but it seems he didn't; for he soon came back trundling the wheel-barrow. Shortly after that Adolf returned. We blipped him at the door with my rifle-butt, and when we had him tied up we shoved that wheel-barrow out of the trench, lifted Adolf after it like a sack, and dumped him into his coach of state.

Then there started the craziest race against the daylight that ever two men ran. It was past three, and both sides were starting morning hostilities. Every time a shell went up we lay flat on the earth and let Hitler take his chances; and soon there were shells of both German and British origin bursting all around us. Once Adolf came to, but seeing his dismal situation, he promptly collapsed again. The wheelbarrow was becoming a nuisance, so we woke him up and made his run between us, untied. Well, we hadn't gone six feet from our chariot, when "crrrump!" I saw a hot red flash and neither Alf nor I knew anything more till we woke up in here.

Tommy Smithers tells me he was aiming a twenty-pounder just then, and he saw a man out in the middle of No-Man's Land going through the motions of whitewashing the wheelbarrow with mud; so I guess that last burst didn't quite pass Hitler by. The Germans rescued him somehow; at least nobody saw anything of him when day broke. As for me, I want never to see him more so long as I live, not I!

Ever since the last shell-burst of his story my confidant's eyes had grown wilder and wilder, and now at the close he hauled himself up in bed and burst forth anew into the strains of "The Soup-Tureen". I deemed it best to leave, and as I rose I saw on the inside of the door a sign which would have met my eyes on entering had the door been properly shut: "Mental Ward—Do Not Disturb".

I have since been wondering whether my visit disturbed the old campaigner very badly; and I have been wondering about other things as well.

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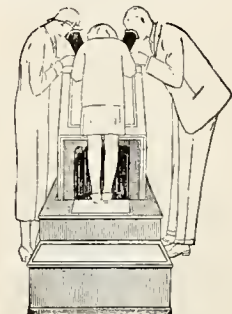
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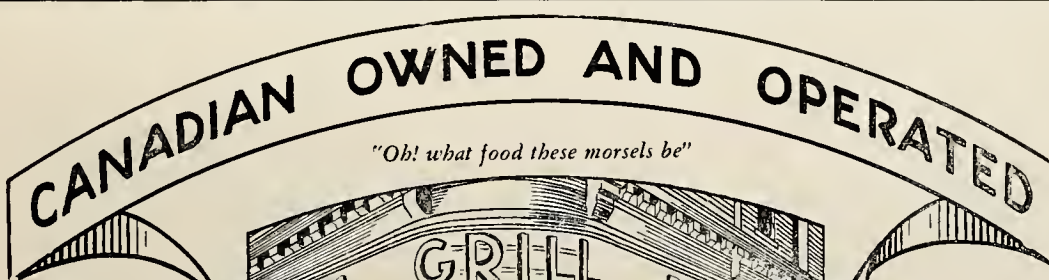


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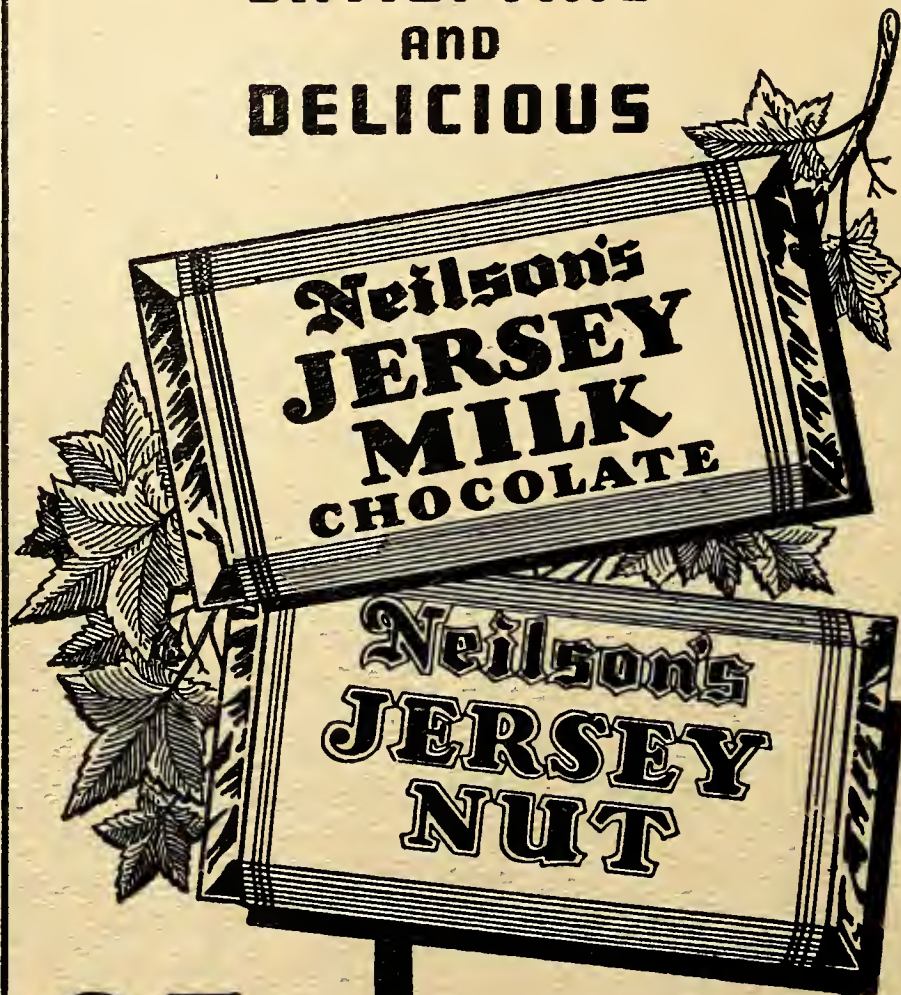
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